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VOL. 6

NO. 6

Shadow

COMICS

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

MONEY'S
YOUR **10¢** WORTH
FIFTY-TWO
PAGES



**THE
SHADOW**
INVADES THE CRUCIBLE
OF DEATH TO CONQUER
CRIME



IN *This Issue*

THE SHADOW INVADES THE CRUCIBLE OF DEATH:

Only the Shadow's mighty mind could have guessed the riddle of Professor Seba who planned to become a master of the future.

DOC SAVAGE SOLVES A MOST PRACTICAL JOKE:

A dying man mails three letters—one to Doc Savage, one to a gang of crooks and a third to the police in the greatest practical joke ever played.

NICK CARTER IN DEAD MAN'S SENTENCE:

A man falsely accused is three hours from the electric chair. His conviction hangs on the solving of one sentence. But Nick arrives at the solution in the nick of time!

INNER CIRCLE:

There had been only one eye witness to a killing that occurred deep under New York in the subway. The Express train was crowded even more than ordinarily with people in a hurry to get home. In the front of the Express train, which houses the engineer who drives the train, was our single eye witness. When Nick found out what he saw the case was solved.

A STAR AT 42:

Shy, quiet, Johnny Slavin has been playing and coaching soccer twice as long as the average man. His story is really a beautiful thing.

FLATTY FOOTE—"READY!"

Last month Flatty and Peter Prance found out why the crooks were stealing the peanuts—this month the gems have an even greater surprise for him.

RAY CHAPMAN:

Ray was one of the greatest shortstops the major leagues ever produced, and the only baseball player to be killed in a major league game.

PETER JACKSON:

Jackson was the only one that the great John L. Sullivan would not fight. After Jim Jeffries knocked him out he went to Australia where he was elected to public office, and when he died they erected a monument to him.

THE SHADOW JOLTS LANDLUBBER'S HAVEN:

In this thrilling adventure The Shadow not only launches a land-bound ship, but springs into jail its crew of smugglers. It's a very unusual story.

Shadow COMICS

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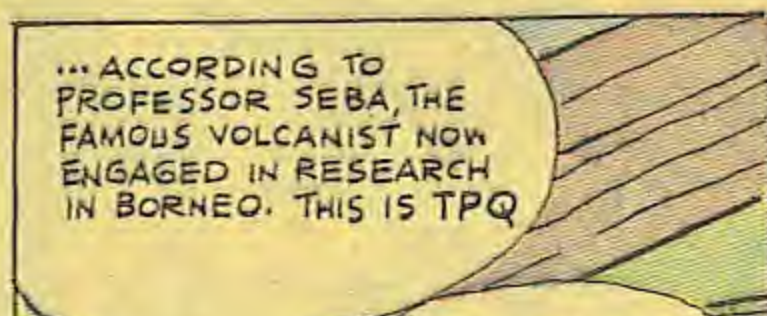
The Shadow

Invades The Crucible of Death To Conquer CRIME

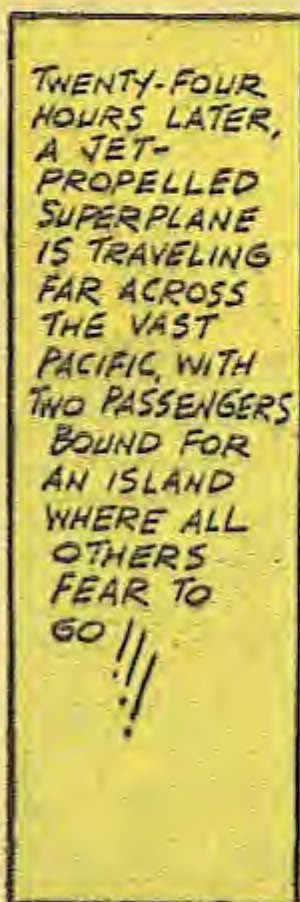
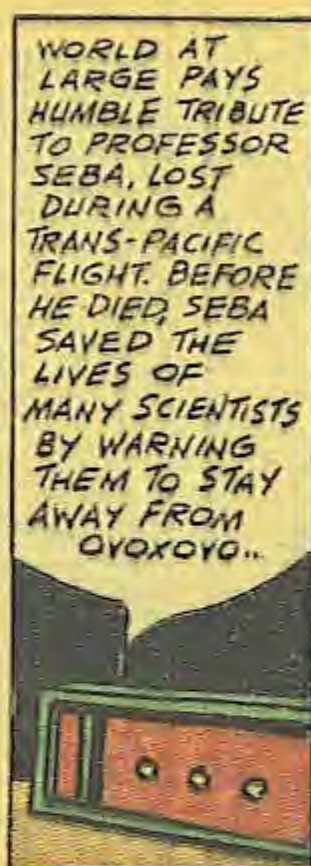
WHO KNOWS WHAT EVIL LURKS IN THE HEARTS OF MEN? THE SHADOW KNOWS!!! ONLY THE SHADOW'S MIGHTY MIND COULD HAVE GUESSED THE RIDDLE OF PROFESSOR SEBA, WHO PLANNED TO BECOME A MASTER OF THE FUTURE... ONLY TO BE MARKED AS A MONSTER OF THE PAST!!!

The "Comic" That Proves

CRIME DOES NOT PAY!!













CLEVER,
THIS RUSE
OF CRANSTON'S
TO REACH
OVOXOVO
AND LEARN
IF PROFESSOR
SEBA IS
LURKING
ON THAT
ISLE
WHICH HAS
BECOME
A
VERITABLE
CRUCIBLE
OF
DEATH
!!!



BUT HOW ARE
WE GOING TO
WALK ASHORE
THROUGH ALL
THAT FIRE
AND SMOKE?

IT WILL BE EASY
IF WE PICK OUR
PATH, MARGO.
JUST LIKE THE
FIRE-WALK ON
A LARGER SCALE!

WHY, IT WORKS,
JUST LIKE YOU
SAID! I SUPPOSE
THE FIJI NATIVES
THINK MY POWER!
PROTECTS THEM!

THAT'S RIGHT.
BUT WE'LL
SEND THEM
BACK TO THEIR
CANOE BEFORE
WE LOOK UP
PROFESSOR
SEBA!



WHO ARE YOU
AND WHERE
DID YOU COME
FROM?

I'M A STUDENT OF THE
FIJI FIRE-WALK AND
THIS IS PRINCESS
WALKA-WALKA WHO
SPECIALIZES IN IT.
WE BROUGHT ALONG
THE FAMOUS FIRE-
STONE!



THIS VOLCANIC
SLAB LOOKS
LIKE AN ENTRANCE
TO SOMETHING!



BRING THE
BIG STONE
IN WITH
THEM!



I SHALL NOTIFY MY MASTER THAT WE HAVE VISITORS!

LOOK..THEY'RE TAKING THE FIRE-STONE SOMEWHERE ELSE!

SHH! YOU'RE ONLY SUPPOSED TO TALK FIJI! WAIT HERE WHILE I FOLLOW THOSE FELLOWS...



...AS THE SHADOW!

GARBED IN BLACK HAT AND CLOAK, THE SHADOW ENCOUNTERS A CHALLENGING GUARD...



STOP!



... AND THEY BROUGHT THE FIJI FIRE-STONE WITH THEM..

USHER THE PRINCESS HERE. I SHALL TALK TO THE SCIENTIST LATER!

SO! TWO WAYS INTO SEBA'S LAIR!



THAT'S SOMETHING TO REMEMBER! AND NOW, HAVING CLOUDED ONE MAN'S MIND BY MY HYPNOTIC POWER, I AM INVISIBLE TO ALL!



ENTER, PRINCESS...
BUT, BY THE WAY,
WHERE IS THE
SCIENTIST WHO
ACCOMPANIED YOU?

IJI- IJI-
NANA-WATI!



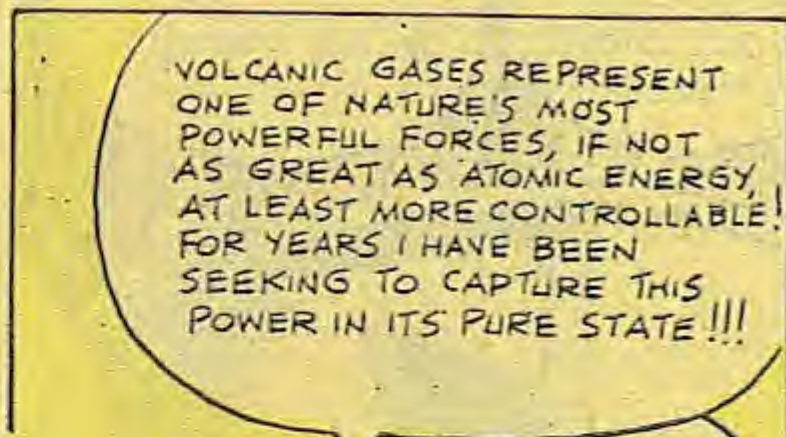
NIJI-FIJI-
WALKA-
WALKA...

TOO BAD I DON'T
UNDERSTAND YOUR
LANGUAGE, PRINCESS.
HOWEVER, SINCE WE
BOTH LIKE VOLCANIC
FIRE, STEP OVER
HERE AND I'LL
EXPLAIN HOW I
CONTROL IT!



OH!

IT HAPPENS THAT I
DO KNOW ENOUGH
FIJI LANGUAGE TO
RECOGNIZE THAT
YOU WEREN'T
SPEAKING IT!



VOLCANIC GASES REPRESENT
ONE OF NATURE'S MOST
POWERFUL FORCES, IF NOT
AS GREAT AS ATOMIC ENERGY,
AT LEAST MORE CONTROLLABLE!
FOR YEARS I HAVE BEEN
SEEKING TO CAPTURE THIS
POWER IN ITS PURE STATE!!!



AND NOW, WHILE
JAGU IS TRAPPING
YOUR SCIENTIFIC
FRIEND, LET ME
EXPLAIN SOME
FACTS OF SUPER-
SCIENCE!



I WARNED OTHERS AWAY FROM OVOXOVO SO I COULD COME HERE AND SHAPE MY HIDDEN CITADEL WITHIN THE GORGING LAVA! I HARDENED THE CORE OF THE ISLAND BY DIVERTING THE ERUPTIONS TO ITS SPREADING SHORE LINE!



I HAVE ALREADY USED A VOLCANIC BOMB TO WRECK ONE SHIP AND TAKE ITS GOLD! FROM THIS BASE, I SHALL USE EARTH'S LIVING FIRE TO CREATE GREATER HAVOC UNTIL I RULE THE WORLD!!

PROFESSOR! THE GUARD IS HYPNOTIZED! THE MISSING SCIENTIST MUST BE THE SHADOW!



JAGU IS RIGHT, SEBA!

I AM THE SHADOW! AND THOUGH YOU CANNOT SEE ME, I AM HERE TO CALL YOU TO ACCOUNT!

NOT YET, SHADOW! WHEN I PRESS THIS SWITCH, AUTOMATIC BELLS WILL RING, GIVING YOUR LOCATION TO JAGU AND MY MEN!



SEBA IS RIGHT! I'LL HAVE TO DODGE THOSE BELLS!

DOOOOONNG



HE'S KEEPING AHEAD OF OUR SHOTS, PROFESSOR! NOW HE'S REACHED THE FIRE-STONE!

GOOD! I'LL PRESS THIS SWITCH AND TRAP HIM!





THE SHADOW
MUST BE IN
THERE, PROFESSOR,
ALTHOUGH WE
CAN'T SEE HIM,
THE BELLS AREN'T
RINGING!

AND THAT CYLINDER
IS MADE OF
VOLCANIC GLASS,
TOO TOUGH FOR
HIM TO CRACK!
QUICKLY, JAGU...
ATTACH THESE
HOSE-LINES FROM
THE TANKS!



CLANNNGGG
CLANG

AND NOW TO TREAT
THE SHADOW WITH A
MIXTURE OF VOLCANIC
GASES! THE BEAUTIFUL
VAPORS WILL FIRST
CLOUD THE INTERIOR
OF THE TUBE..

IF THE
SHADOW
IS IN
THERE,
IT'S ALL
OVER!

AND IN A FEW
MINUTES THEY WILL
EXPLODE WITHIN
THEIR CRUCIBLE
OF DEATH!!



POW

AND THAT'S THE
END OF THE
SHADOW! VERY
LOVELY!

YOU'RE STILL
ALIVE... BUT
HOW?

LOOK AT THE
BACK OF THE
FIRE-STONE,
MARGO! IT'S
HOLLOW AND
ITS WALLS ARE
PANELS! I KNEW
ITS SECRET, SO
I BROUGHT IT,
THINKING WE
COULD USE IT!

I'LL SAY YOU
USED THE FIRE-
STONE! YOU CAME
RIGHT DOWN
THROUGH AND
OUT!

NOW TO USE
THESE CHAINS
AS WEAPONS
THAT WILL
REALLY REACH!



THE SHADOW!
STOP HIM AND
CUT OFF THOSE
GAS-TANKS!



AND SOMETHING DOES HAPPEN!!! THE MIGHTY GASES IMPOUNDED IN THE GROTTO BURST THE CORE OF OVEXOYO IN ONE MIGHTY BLAST!!!





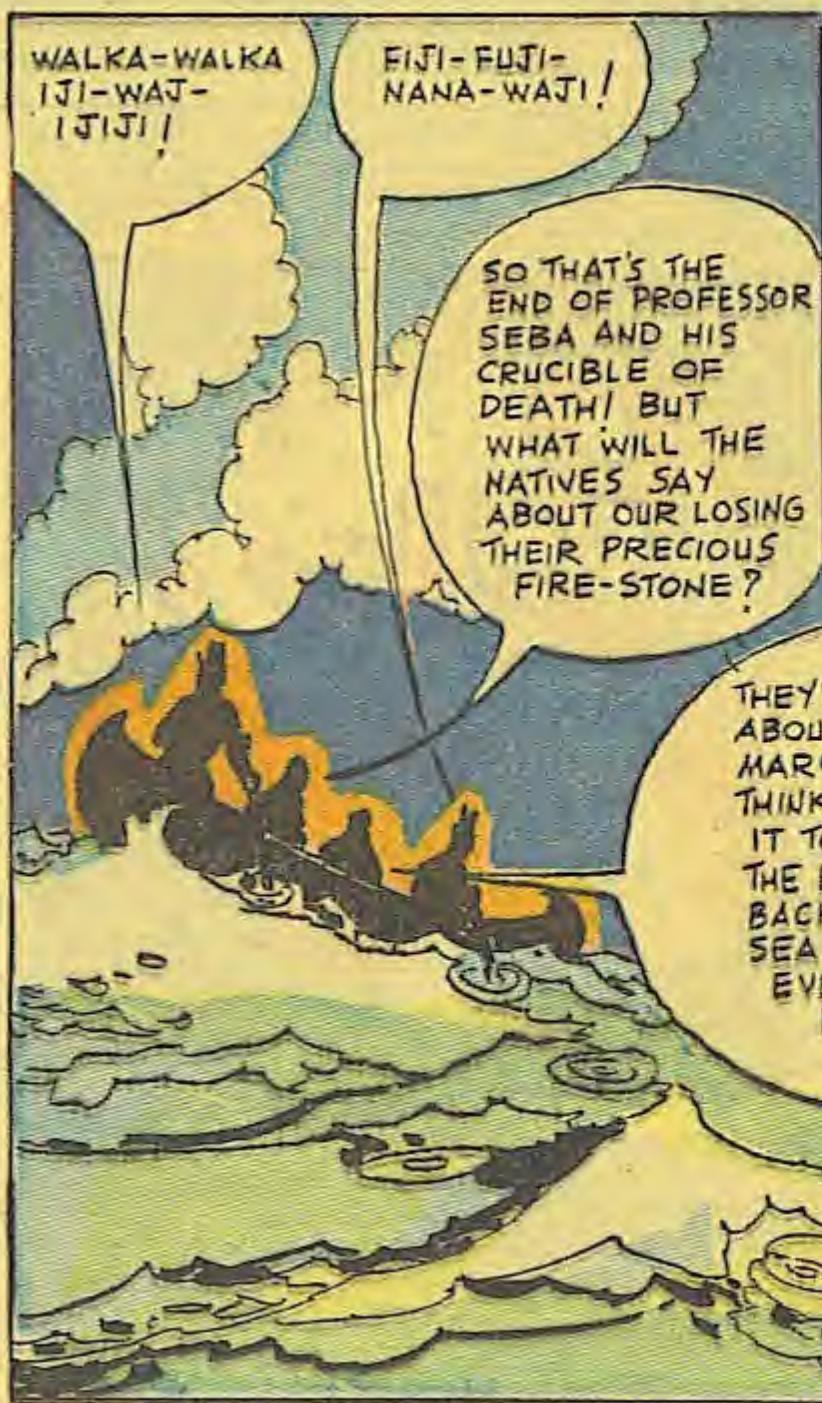
OVOXOVO IS GONE... AND WE'RE IN A VORTEX OF BOILING WATER!

DON'T WORRY, MARGO. THERE'S PLENTY OF PACIFIC POURING IN TO COOL IT!



BUT WHO'S GOING TO RESCUE US... AND HOW?

YOU'LL SEE, VERY SHORTLY!



WALKA-WALKA
IJI-WAT-
IJIJI!

FIJI-FUJI-
NANA-WATI!

SO THAT'S THE END OF PROFESSOR SEBA AND HIS CRUCIBLE OF DEATH! BUT WHAT WILL THE NATIVES SAY ABOUT OUR LOSING THEIR PRECIOUS FIRE-STONE?

THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT IT NOW, MARGO. THEY THINK YOU USED IT TO BANISH THE FIRE-DEMONS BACK INTO THE SEA! THAT MAKES EVERYBODY HAPPY!



THE FIJI CANOE. BUT WHY DID THEY COME BACK?

THEY COULDN'T HELP IT. THE VORTEX BROUGHT THEM! GRAB HOLD, MARGO!

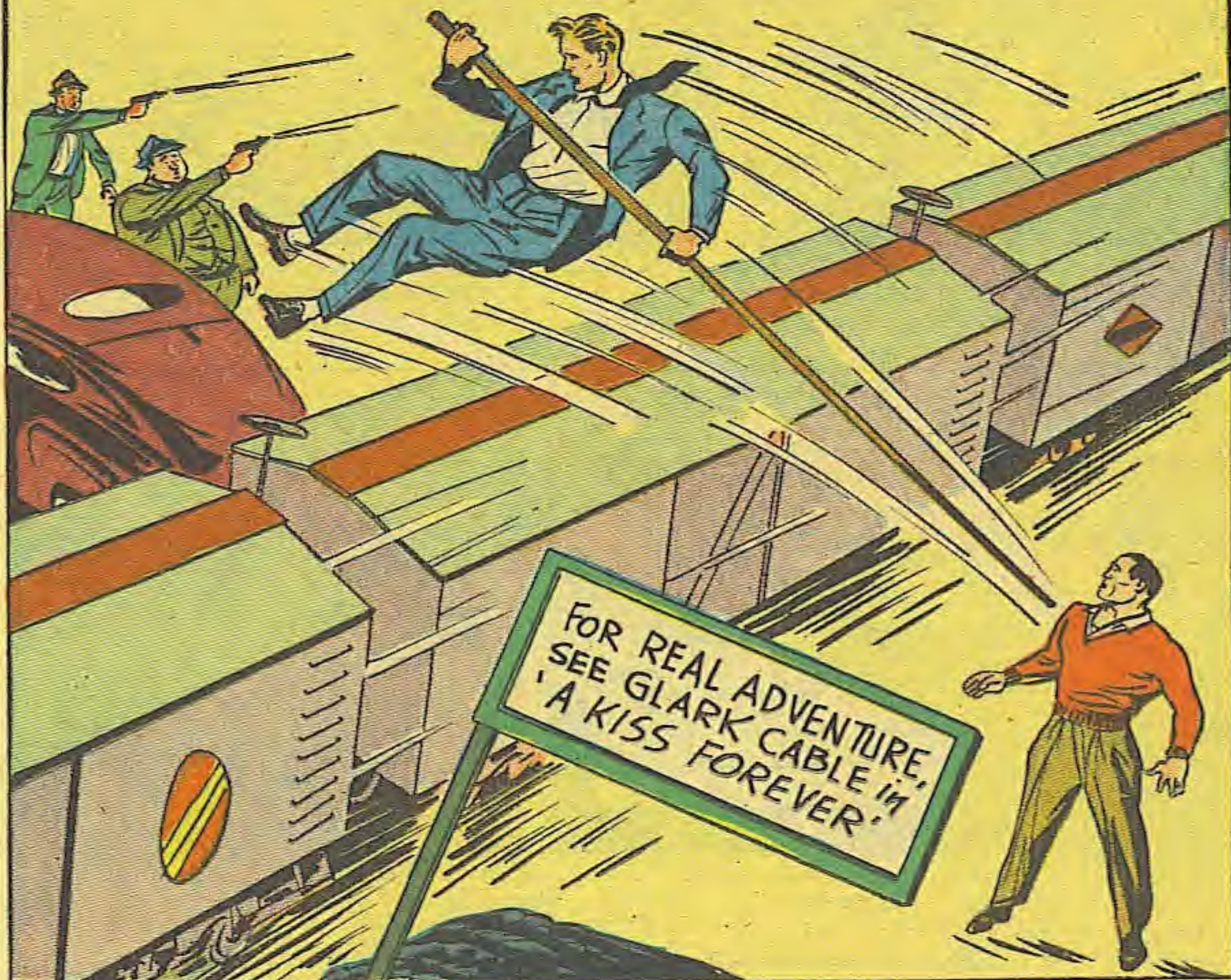
AND THUS, IN RIDDING THE WORLD OF AN ISLE OF DOOM AND ITS EVIL MASTER, THE SHADOW HAS PROVEN: **THE WEED OF CRIME BEARS BITTER FRUIT... CRIME DOES NOT PAY!**

NOT EVEN FOR SO STUPENDOUS A SCHEMER AS PROFESSOR SEBA

!!!

DOC SAVAGE

"A MOST PRACTICAL JOKE...."



A DYING PRACTICAL JOKER LEAVES A STRANGE BEQUEST... ONE THAT CALLS FOR A RACE... TO THE DEATH! FOLLOW DOC SAVAGE AS HE HURTTLES THRU AN OBSTACLE RACE WHOSE PRIZE IS....

HAVE THE TWO LETTERS BEEN DELIVERED, HEAVES?



YES, MR. ABERNATHY. THEY JUST GOT THEM. BUT, PLEASE, SIR, TRY TO RELAX... THE DOCTOR SAID YOU MUST



OOOOOF... HEY, DOC?
WHAT'S UP?

NO TIME TO TALK..
FOLLOW ME!



HEY, DR. CROOK,
WE JUST SPOTTED A
FINE PLACE FOR A
HEIST!

QUIET, BATTY! GET THE
CAR OUT AND QUICK!
WE MUST BEAT DOC
SAVAGE TO A RENDEZVOUS.
IF WE LOSE... WE
DIE!



MONK'S.. NOT TO REASON WHY..
HIS BUT TO FOLLOW ON THE FLY!

JEEPER'S, DOC,
WHAT COOKS?

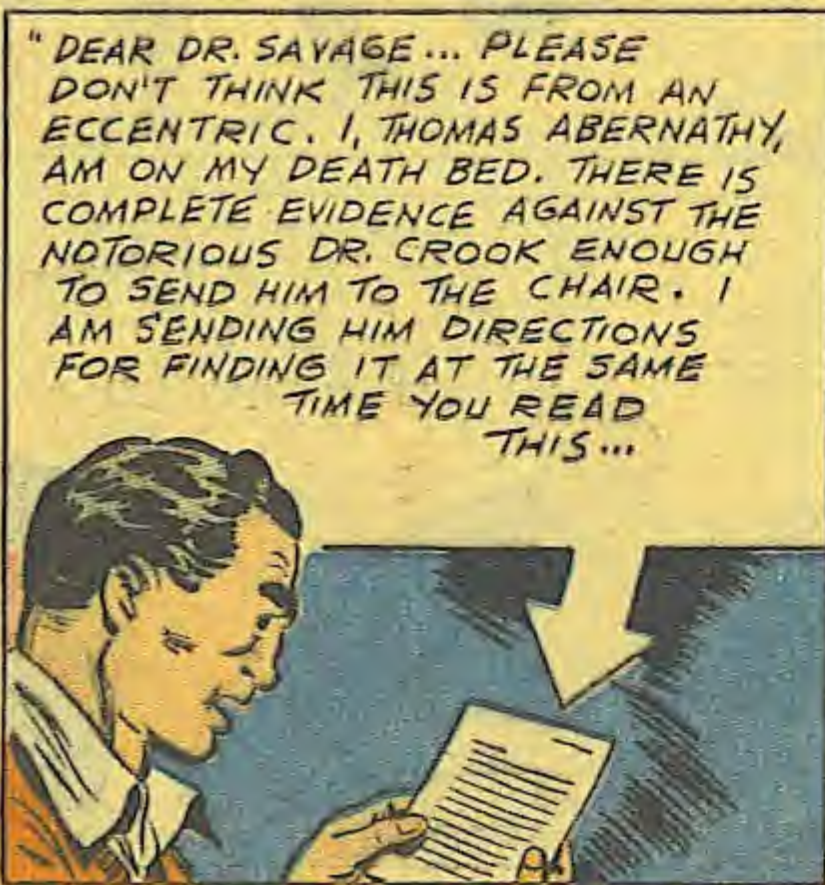
WAIT'LL WE
GET A MOVE ON



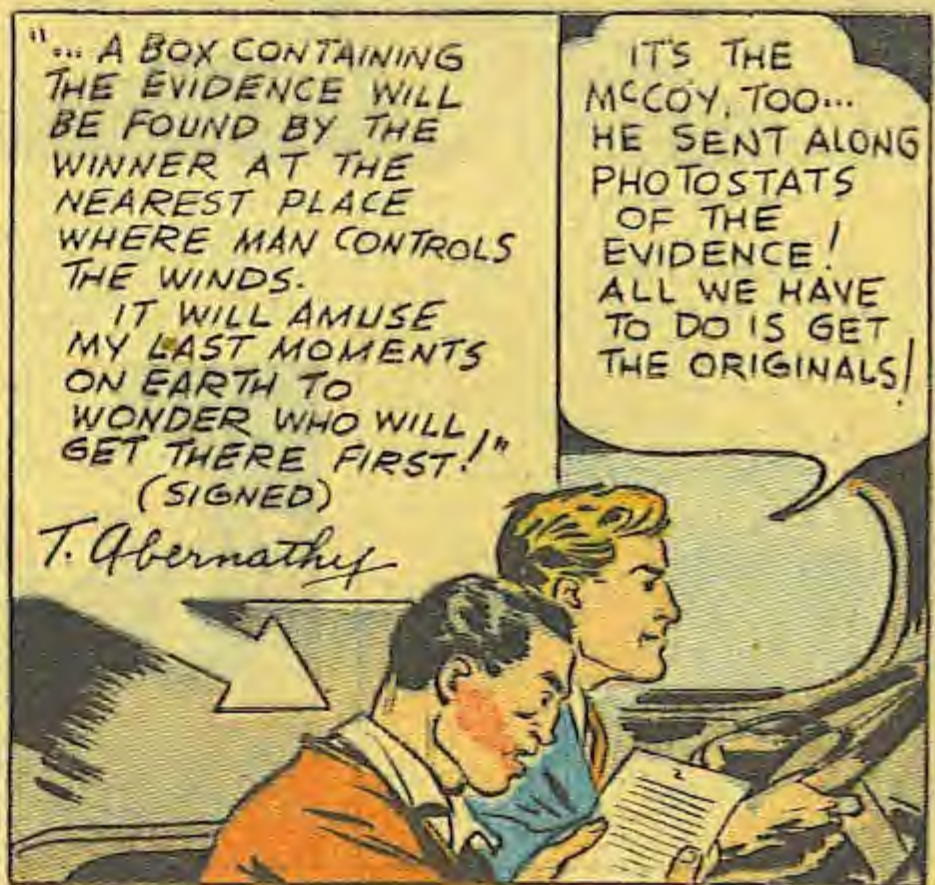
SPEED LIMITS ARE ALL
RIGHT IN THEIR WAY... BUT...

DOC, HAVE A
HEART... LEMME
SEE THAT
LETTER YOU
HAD!

OH..YES..HERE..
IT IS ONE OF
THE STRANGEST
THINGS I'VE
EVER SEEN..



"DEAR DR. SAVAGE... PLEASE
DON'T THINK THIS IS FROM AN
ECCENTRIC. I, THOMAS ABERNATHY,
AM ON MY DEATH BED. THERE IS
COMPLETE EVIDENCE AGAINST THE
NOTORIOUS DR. CROOK ENOUGH
TO SEND HIM TO THE CHAIR. I
AM SENDING HIM DIRECTIONS
FOR FINDING IT AT THE SAME
TIME YOU READ
THIS..."



"... A BOX CONTAINING
THE EVIDENCE WILL
BE FOUND BY THE
WINNER AT THE
NEAREST PLACE
WHERE MAN CONTROLS
THE WINDS.
IT WILL AMUSE
MY LAST MOMENTS
ON EARTH TO
WONDER WHO WILL
GET THERE FIRST!"
(SIGNED)
T. Abernathy

IT'S THE
MCCOY, TOO...
HE SENT ALONG
PHOTOSTATS
OF THE
EVIDENCE!
ALL WE HAVE
TO DO IS GET
THE ORIGINALS!

ON A PARALLEL ROAD, MINUTES AWAY FROM OUR HEROES...

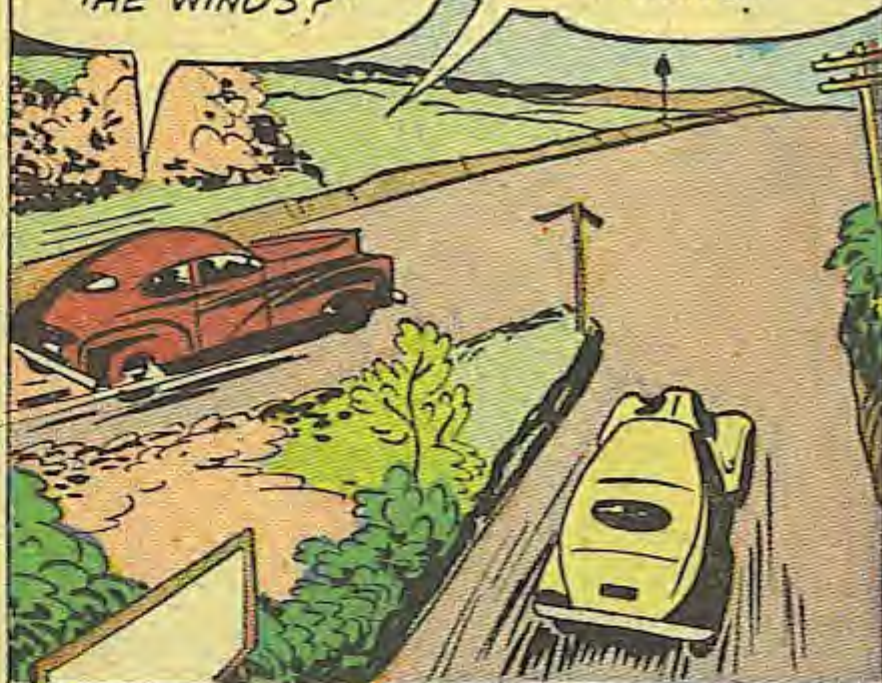
BUT HOW DID HE GET THE DOPE ON US, DR. CROOK?

I CAN'T IMAGINE, UNLESS HE BOUGHT IT FROM RATSO BEFORE HE DIED IN THE PEN. BUT THAT DOESN'T MATTER... ALL THAT MATTERS IS THAT WE GET THE REAL STUFF FIRST!



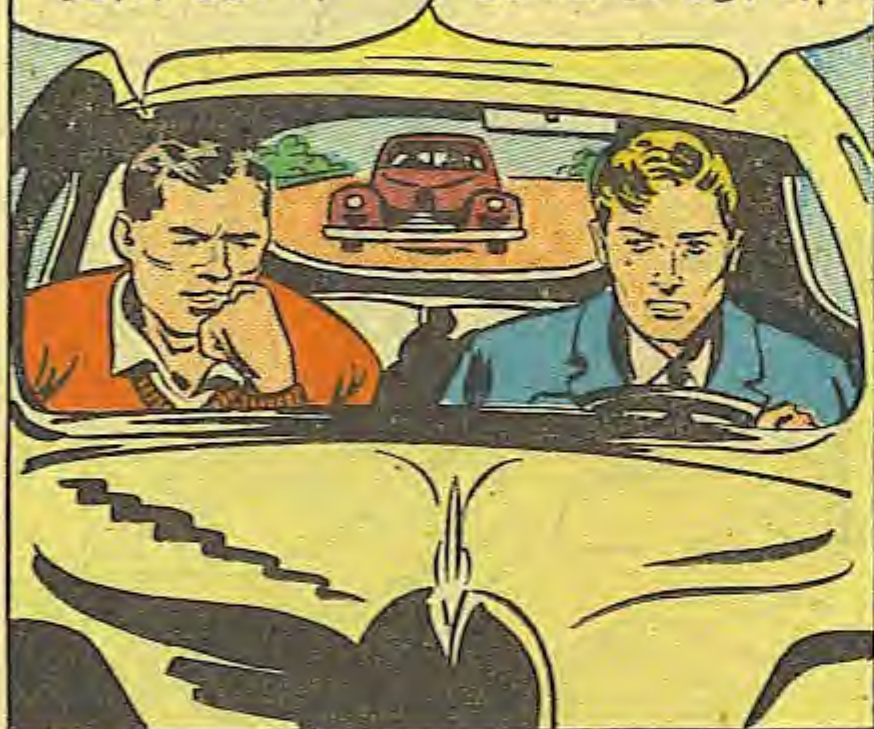
BUT, DOC, WHERE'S THIS PLACE? WHERE DOES "MAN CONTROL THE WINDS?"

CAN'T YOU SEE THAT? TRY TO FIGURE IT OUT BEFORE WE GET THERE!



"WHERE MAN CONTROLS THE WINDS.." I DON'T GET IT

HOLD TIGHT OR WE'RE GOING TO GET IT!



ALL I CAN DO IS CUT WIDE AND HOPE..

RAM THEM! THIS IS OUR CHANCE! PUT THEM OUT OF THE RUNNING!

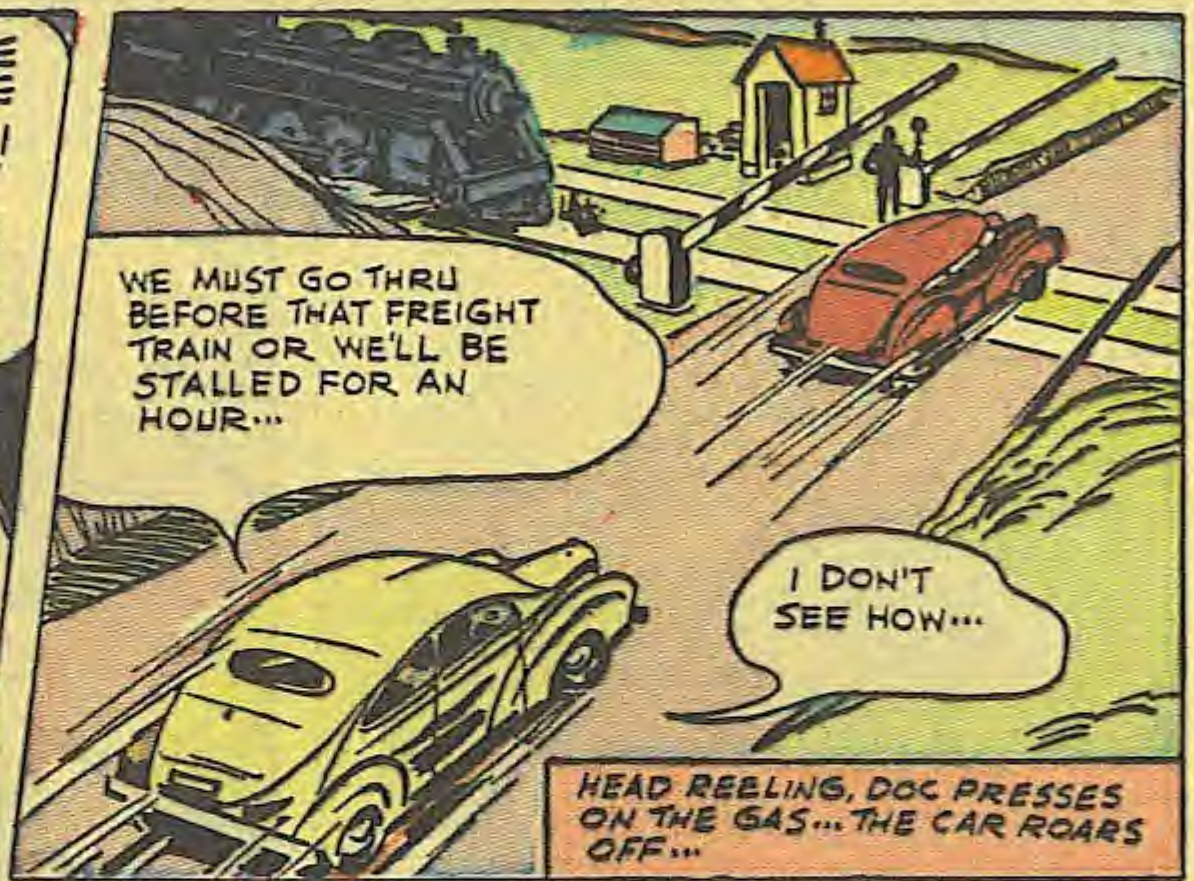


FIGHT THE WHEEL AS HE MAY, DOC LOSES CONTROL... HIS CAR CAREENS...

DOC, DOC...YOU ALL RIGHT? SPEAK TO ME...

WONDERFUL...NOW WE HAVE A FIGHTING CHANCE... GIVE HER THE GAS!







YOU HAVE LOST, DOC SAVAGE! I, DR. CROOK, HAVE BEATEN YOU TO A FRAZZLE! GET OUT OF THE WAY, OR I'LL BLAST!

FRIZZLE FRAZZLE, THE RACE ISN'T OVER YET!



HOLD THEM HERE, BOYS, I'LL GET THE CAR READY!

IF I CAN ONLY REACH THE LEVER...



HELPLESS UNDER THE MENACE OF THE GUNS, OUR HEROES WONDER...

HOLD ON, DOC... GET READY FOR THE BLAST!

WHAT BLAST? WHO SAID THAT?



THAT DID IT! HE TURNED ON THE PROP! THIS IS A 150 MILE AN HOUR GALE!

I ALWAYS SAY, IT'S AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NO GOOD! THIS IS A GOOD WIND BLOWING THEM ILL!



BUFFETED INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS BY THE WIND'S BLAST...

THERE WE ARE...

BATTY! WE'VE BEEN HOAXED!

AH... COME TO PAPA! I'VE BEEN WANTING TO HANG ONE ON YOUR FAT PUSS!



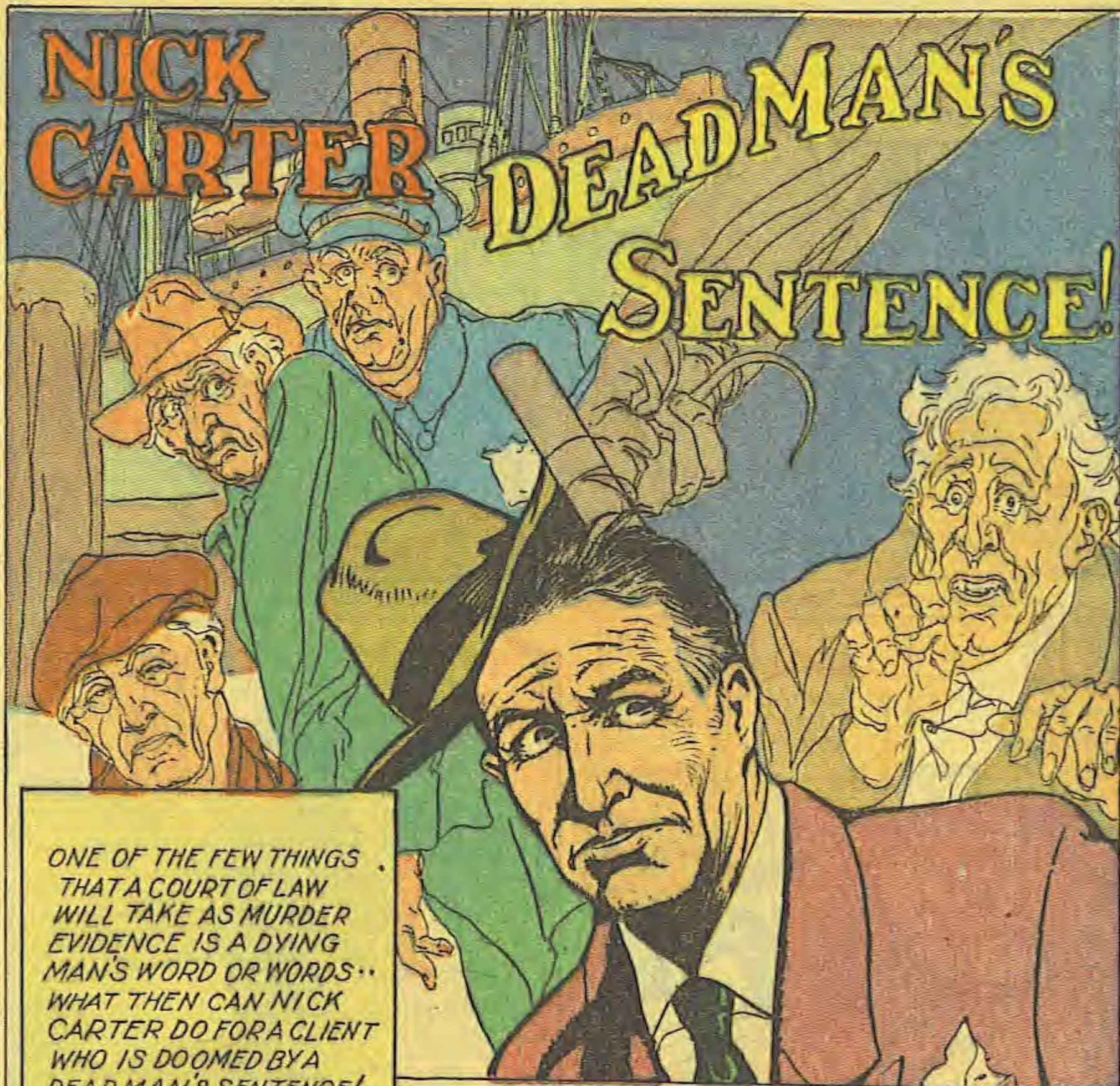
A MOMENT LATER...

THAT ABERNATHY IS A CHARACTER! HO HO... THIS IS WONDERFUL! THIS NOTE IN HERE READS...

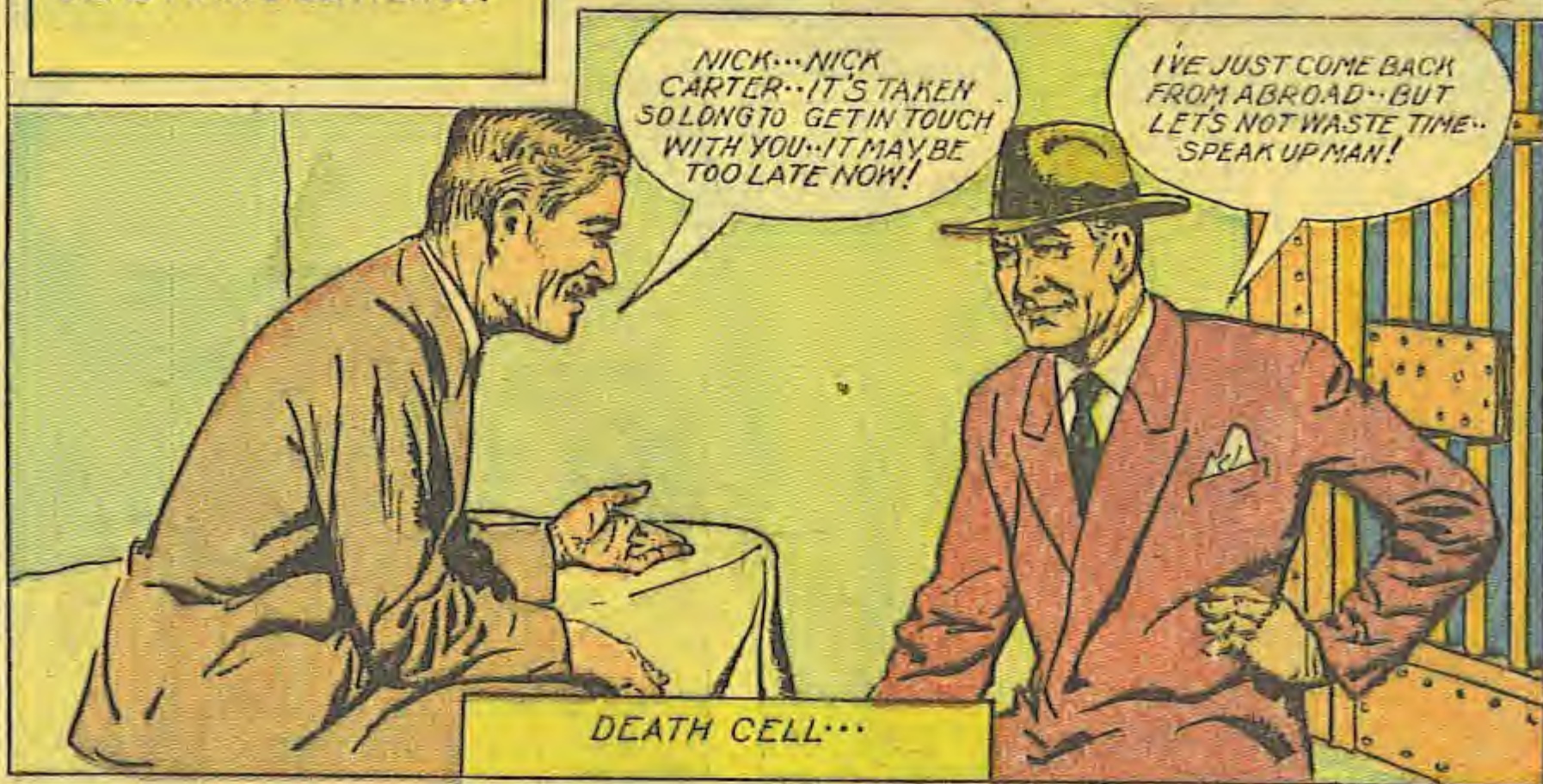
"SO SORRY... THIS IS MY LAST PRACTICAL JOKE! THE POLICE WILL HAVE THE REAL EVIDENCE BY THE TIME YOU READ THIS!" GATHER 'EM UP, MONK, WE'LL BRING THEM TO THE EVIDENCE!



NICK CARTER DEADMAN'S SENTENCE!



ONE OF THE FEW THINGS
THAT A COURT OF LAW
WILL TAKE AS MURDER
EVIDENCE IS A DYING
MAN'S WORD OR WORDS..
WHAT THEN CAN NICK
CARTER DO FOR A CLIENT
WHO IS DOOMED BY A
DEAD MAN'S SENTENCE!



NICK...NICK
CARTER..IT'S TAKEN
SO LONG TO GET IN TOUCH
WITH YOU..IT MAY BE
TOO LATE NOW!

I'VE JUST COME BACK
FROM ABROAD..BUT
LET'S NOT WASTE TIME..
SPEAK UP MAN!

DEATH CELL...



I'LL ASSUME YOU KNOW NOTHING OF MY CASE OUTSIDE OF THE FACT THAT MY NAME'S DOGHTY AND I OWNED A LITTLE SHIPPING CONCERN...

GOOD MAN..GET IT ALL STRAIGHT AS YOU CAN...

AYE, I DO AND HAVE EVERY RIGHT TO..AS I CAME UP THE STREET SOME ONE TOOK A SHOT AT ME!

HI, CALAMIS WHAT'S UP? YOU LOOK SCARED!

THE DOOMED MAN SPINS HIS TALE...



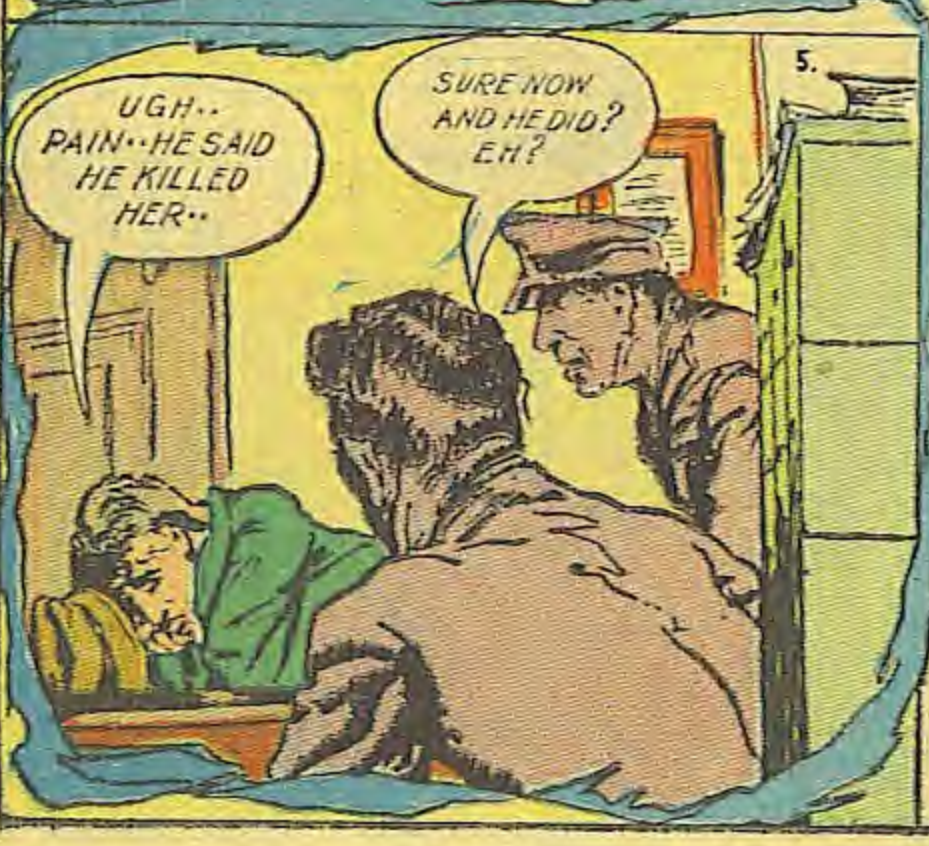
UGH..MY..MY..BACK..

GOOD GRAVY..WHAT HAPPENED?



I CAN THINK OF ONLY ONE MAN..

WH..HOW COME?



UGH..PAIN..HE SAID HE KILLED HER..

SURE NOW AND HE DID? EH?



YES, BECAUSE, YOU SEE, THEY WENT BACK AND EXHUMED THE BODY OF A GIRL WHO HAD BEEN MY SECRETARY AND FOUND THAT SHE'D BEEN POISONED..THAT DID IT!

AND THAT WAS ENOUGH TO PUT YOU HERE, EH?

END OF THE TALE..

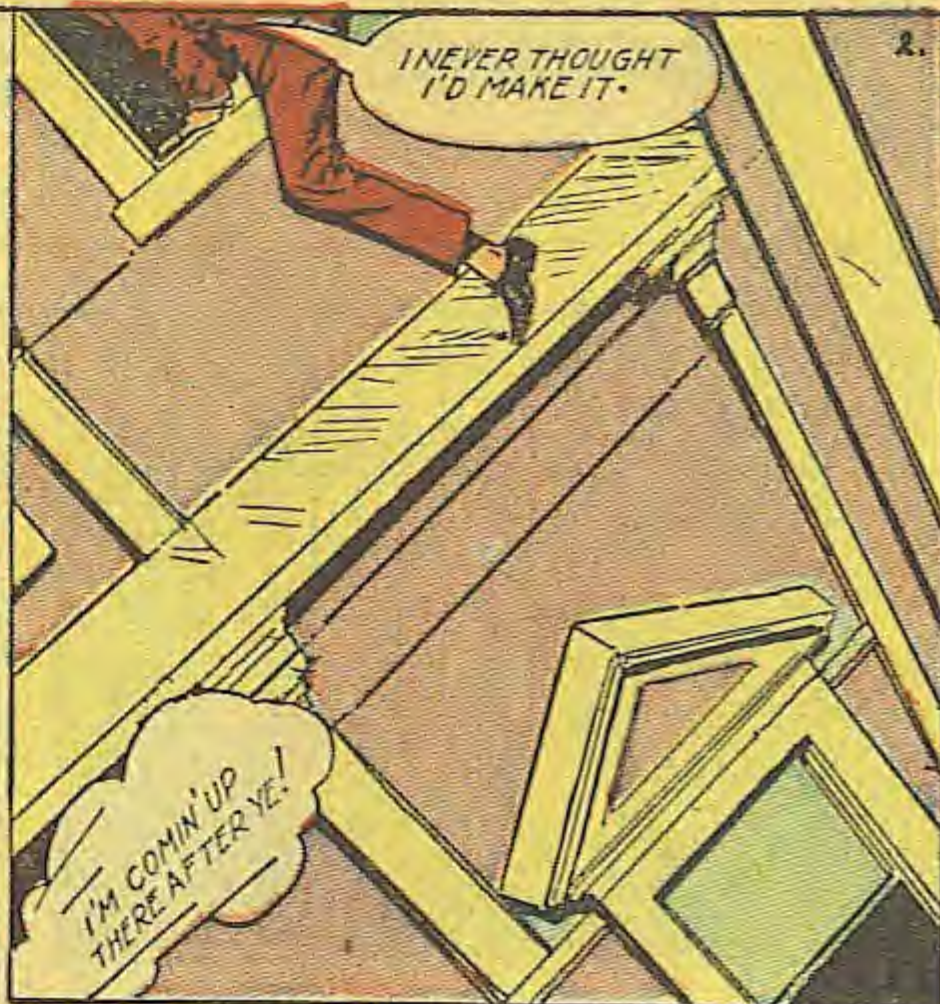




OH FINE..THIS WAS ALL I NEEDED TO HELP ME ALONG HERE!

IF YE'RE NOT OFFA THERE WHEN I COUNT THREE, MELAD, I'LL SHOOT YE OFF!

NICK, STARTLED BY THE SUDDEN BELLOW ALMOST LOOSES HIS FOOTING...



I NEVER THOUGHT I'D MAKE IT.

I'M COMIN' UP THERE AFTER YE!



HERE NOW AND JUST WHAT MIGHT YOU BE AFTER DOIN'?

OH..I'M GLAD YOU CAME UP. MY NAME'S CARTER, NICK CARTER..I'M INVESTIGATING THE DOGHTY KILL!

MA SHIP



THIS IS BAD FOR DOGHTY..ANYONE, A KILLER COMING IN THERE WOULD ARRIVE HERE JUST IN TIME TO BE CAUGHT BY THE COP WHO CAME RACING UP..

D. DOGHTY
MARINE
SHIPPING.



SURE NOW, AND I'M THE MAN YOU WANT TO SEE, 'T WAS ME AS CAUGHT HIM!

THAT'S RIGHT THIS IS YOUR BEAT..TELL ME, WAS THE NEXT OFFICE OPEN..DID ANYONE COME OUT OF IT WHEN YOU RAN IN HERE AND WHY DID YOU RUN HERE?

5.



SURE NOW AND THOSE ARE GOOD QUESTIONS I'LL ANSWER THE SECOND ONE FIRST..I RAN UP HERE BECAUSE I HEARD A SHOT ON THE STREET AND THEN I SAW A MAN, CALAMIS IT WAS, RUNNIN HERE...

UM..AS I THOUGHT..

6.

NOW ABOUT DID I SEE ANYONE COME FROM NEXT DOOR.. I SEE WHY YOU ASK.. YE THINK THAT MAYHAP THE KILLER CAME FROM THE LEDGE.. I'M SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YE, BUT THE OFFICE WAS UNOCCUPIED, THE DOOR WAS OPEN AND THERE WAS NO ONE THERE...



TIME AND A MAN'S LIFE ARE RACING BY AND I JUST SEEM TO BE MAKING IT WORSE.. IT'S SUCH A SIMPLE CASE ON THE FACE OF IT..



SURE NOW AND DIDN'T THE DEAD MAN BRAND HIS KILLER WITH HIS DYIN' WORDS?

YES, I RECKON IT'S NO USE.. BUT WAIT.. THAT DYING SENTENCE.. NO.. IT COULDN'T BE THAT...



SURE SORRY IT IS THAT I AM, BUT I MUST BE BACK ON ME POST MR. CARTER..

THANKS FOR YOUR HELP.

GLAD TO BE OF HELP.



DOWNSTAIRS

MAYBE GETTING CLOSE TO THE WATER MAY STIR MY EMPTY BRAIN.. I KEEP HAVING A FEELING THAT THERE IS SOME CLUE IN THE DYING MAN'S STATEMENT.. LET'S SEE....



"HE SAID HE KILLED THE GIRL.."







I NEED SOME SORT OF SHIELD..
I'M DEFENSELESS AGAINST
THAT WICKED HOOK...

OW..
MY HAND..
YOU...



NOW WE'RE MORE
EVEN.. MY
KILLING COP!

IT'LL DO YOU
NO GOOD..



I HOPED YOU'D
FALL FOR
THAT! NOW...

THE HOOK.. HE'S
GRABED IT..
MY GUN.. MY GUN..

TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE MOMENT'S PAUSE,
NICK RIPS HIS JACKET OFF AND...



PRATTLE ON,
MURDERER!
YOUR DAY IS DONE!

I'LL SAY I THOUGHT YOU WERE
A SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER.. I TOLD
YE TO STOP AND YE WOULDN'T,
SO I FIRED!



THERE...
THAT'S THE
BEGINNING..

JUST WHAT
I WANTED..



I CAN'T FAIL NOW,
NOT AFTER I GOT
AWAY WITH
MURDER!

WITH TWO
MURDERS
YOU MEAN..



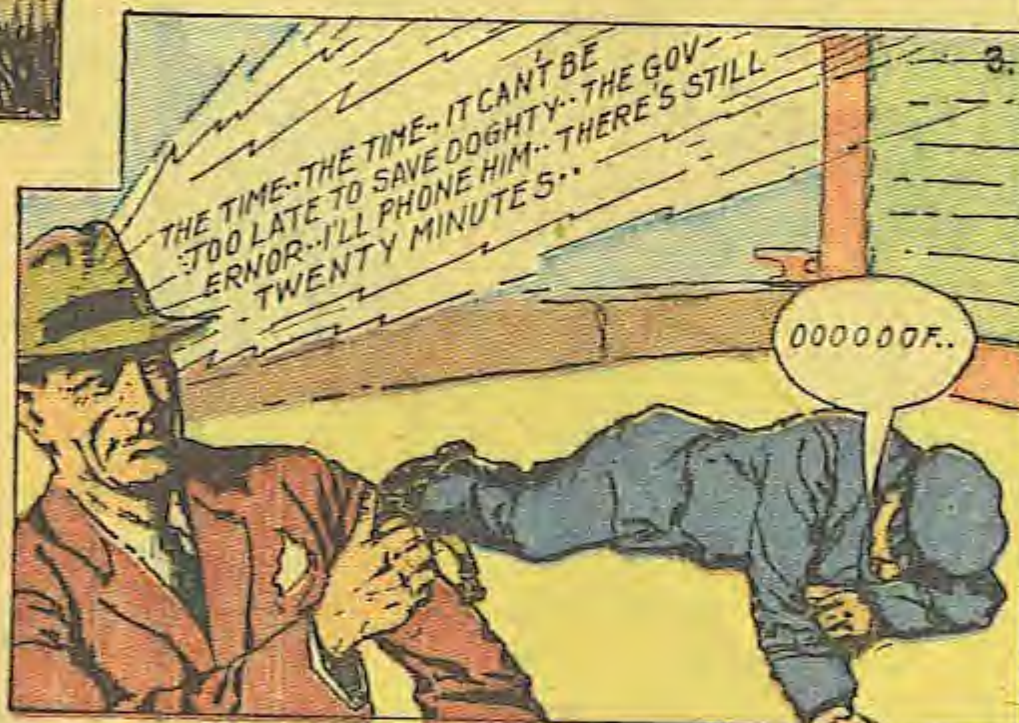
YOU HAD TO KILL CALAMIS
BECAUSE YOU'D TOLD HIM YOU
KILLED THE GIRL.. WHY'D
YOU KILL HER?

I HAD TO.. SHE WORKED
DOWN IN THIS DISTRICT..
KNEW WHAT I WAS DOING,
GRAFTIN' ON THE BOATS..

GOVERNOR.. YOU'VE GOT TO SAVE DOGHTY..
HE'S INNOCENT.. I HAVE THE REAL KILLER..
THE COP WHO TESTIFIED AGAINST HIM!
THE KILLER ACCUSED THE COP BUT
NO ONE REALIZED IT!



THE NEAREST PHONE BOOTH...



THE TIME.. THE TIME.. IT CAN'T BE
TOO LATE TO SAVE DOGHTY.. THE GOV-
ERNOR.. I'LL PHONE HIM.. THERE'S STILL
TWENTY MINUTES..

OOOOOOF..

CALAMIS WAS ON THE TRAIL OF THE
GIRL'S KILLER.. THE COP FOUND OUT,
TOLD HIM HE'D KILLED THE GIRL.. AND
SAID HE'D KILL CALAMIS TOO IF HE
OPENED HIS MOUTH...

GOOD HEAVENS.. WHEN CAL-
AMIS SAID "HE SAID HE KILLED
HER" THE "HE" WAS THE COP
AND NOT DOGHTY! I'LL STOP
THE EXECUTION IMMEDIATELY!



Inner Circle



THE DEADLY TAPE!

NICK and Chick Carter, Chick being Nick's foster son who was in a fair way to becoming as famous as his celebrated parent, stood in front of the members of the Inner Circle. Nick had rapped on the table for order and all eyes were on the dauntless duo.

"Our cast today is one that would never have been settled if it hadn't been for the assistance of . . ." Nick gestured to Chick who said, "Spare me my blushes!"

"This is no time for modesty. That was a real ten carat brainstorm that solved that mess for us." Nick paused, and watched as the members settled down to give all attention.

Express Death!

"We heard about the whole case, second hand. There had been one eye witness to the killing which had occurred deep under New York in the Subway. Picture the express train, crowded even more than ordinarily with people in a hurry to get home and forget about their workday chores. In the front of the express train near the little booth that houses the engineer who drives the train, our eye witness, Mr. Bland, was seated.

"He was busily reading his paper. But let's go on in his words. Chick you have the report, would you mind reading it?"

Chick picked up a flock of papers, and reading from them, said, 'I was tired and bored, perhaps subconsciously I was a little nervous, for as an undercurrent to all that was to follow, I heard the roar of the motor of the express train. It made a muffled beat under the surface sounds that hammered at my

tired nerves.

'Hearing that vibrant roar of the motor, I saw a man, who was as ordinary as any you could find in a hard day's search, get up from his seat and walk to the open front door of the train. Because of the heat the door ordinarily closed, was open. Only a chain guarded the door.

Death!

'The man stood in front of the chain, and the roar of the motor seemed to get louder. I saw the door that lead into the motorman's cubicle open slowly. A hand reached out and pushed! I watched, paralyzed by surprise, as the hand reaching from the motorman's tiny room hit in the small of the man's back. He made a small sound. A gasp that was lost, buried under the sound of the pounding motor. That tiny gasp was the only sound the man made before he stumbled forward off balance and fell over the chain that was supposed to guard him from just such a fate!

'The motor roared up as though in triumph and . . . the man was gone . . . I don't like to think of the sound . . . but it was soon over. The train raced on. . . . He had fallen under the wheels of the speeding express train.

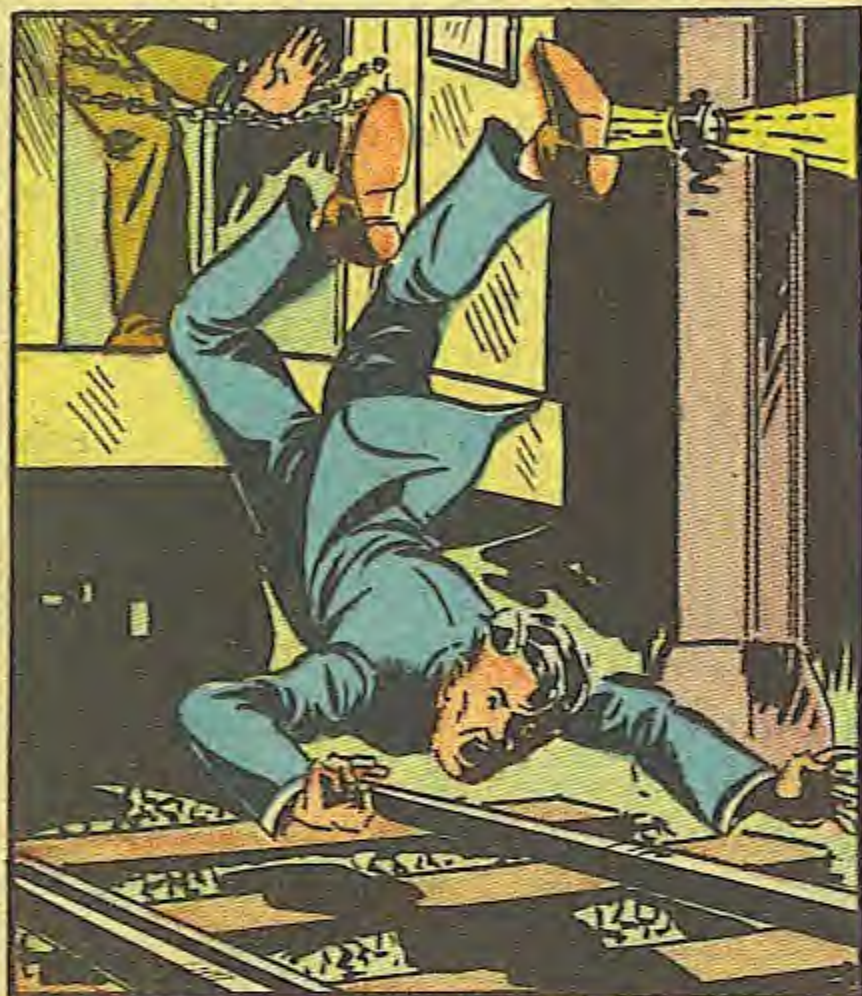
'Realizing that I had seen murder done, I glanced at my watch. It was precisely five fourteen. The whole thing hadn't taken more than a minute from beginning to end.

'I had been on the train for four minutes.'

Chick put the report that he had been reading down on the table. "That was only the beginning. Our Mr. Bland kept his mouth shut till the train got into the station. Once there he called a cop and the train was stopped at the next station. Now . . . a strange thing happened!"

Duel!

"The policeman warned of some kind of trouble, did not come into the train prepared for a duel to the death! He opened the motorman's door and told him to get out. Instantly the motorman pulled a gun and tried to shoot the cop!



"The cop, in danger of his very life, wrested the gun out of the motorman's hand and in the fight that followed, turned the gun on the motorman! The motorman's own finger tightened on the trigger and . . . he was dead!

"Nick, you take over now. . . ." Chick sat down.

"You can imagine how confusing the whole thing was," said Nick. "Here was a case where we were lucky in having an eye witness to the kill, and the case all over, the seeming murderer dead all in about ten minutes. But it didn't make any sense. We had no idea why the motorman had killed the other man, if he had . . . and we had no idea why the motorman tried to shoot his way out of the arrest. After all he couldn't know that we had the eye witness. As far as the motorman was concerned he had committed a perfect crime!

"The police and I questioned Mr. Bland, the eye witness over and over. We brought in

the conductors on the train and questioned them. They had no idea as to why the motorman, who had worked on the subway a year or so, should have gone mad. We were really stuck!"

Impasse

"At this point," said Nick, "I looked around for Chick only to find him gone!" The foster father looked at his foster son. But as far as respect and admiration were concerned it might just as well have been Nick's own son that he gazed at.

"I wondered where he could have gone and went back to questioning the guards, the conductors and Mr. Bland. There didn't seem to be any other way to tackle the problem!"

Nick grinned at Chick. Then he said,



"What I didn't know was that smarty pants, here, had remembered something that he had read one time. While I was beating my brains out, Chick had gone down into the subway and found the train from which the dead man had been pushed. On that first car, the death scene, Chick looked the car over. It was as he had read. Up about seven feet off the floor there was a box set in the wall of the subway car. This box, and all trains have them, was about two feet by three and about six inches deep.

"Chick looked at the box for a while and realized that if his hunch was correct he was looking at actual proof of a lie in the murderer's story! He got a guard and had the box opened. Inside the box there was a roll of paper.

"Chick didn't have the authority to impound the roll of paper so he called me. That was the first I had known of what he was up to. I had the police go down and get the roll of paper and bring it, as well as Chick back to headquarters.

"If you remember Bland's story and you may as well know at this point that he was the real killer, you will remember that he made a big point of the sound of the train's motor. It was that, that curious bit of lying background that he had only added so as to give some truth to his lying story, that finally sent him to the electric chair!"

Chick broke in, "The members should know at this point what we later found out about the motorman. It seems he had done time in jail. It was in jail that he met the two men in the case, Bland and the man who was thrown off the train!

"The man who died under the wheels of the train and the man who later became the motorman were both stool pigeons and Bland swore that he'd get them someday!

"His day came when just by chance he saw that man in front of the train looking down at the tracks. He, Bland, knew that his other enemy was in the cubicle driving the train.

Truth!

"He took a chance! He pushed the man off the front of the train and depending on the crowd to cover what he had done, calmly went back and sat down!

"He told his lying story and then he must have thought that luck was really on his side, for while he waited for the train to get into the next station, he realized that he could lie and blame the death on his other enemy, the motorman!

"He was even luckier than he figured, for the motorman, a died-in-the-wool crook, was

involved in a ring of hold up men! That was the reason that the motorman fought the cop when he appeared. The motorman thought the cop had come to arrest him for being in on the hold ups!"

Chick paused for a drink of water. Sue said, "Jeepers, seems to me that Bland should really have gotten away with murder! Everything was on his side!"



The Deadly Tape!

Nick said, "Everything was on his side, but the fact that the tape, the roll of paper that Chick brought back with him, held the truth and it was the truth that doomed the killer! You see, in his lying story he mentioned the motor going all the while . . .

"The tape records what is called 'coasting time!' The box in the subway has a clock which records the length of time that the motorman coasts. This kind of coasting, that is with the motor turned off, saves the company money! And that tape showed that the dead motorman had been coasting for the whole length of time that the killer said he heard the motor roaring! It was a case of dead man's revenge!"

A STAR AT 42!

By Milt Miller

SHY, quiet and canny Johnny Slaven has had a span in soccer twice as long as the average man. Now 42 years old, the reticent playing-manager of the Brookhattan Soccer Club of the American Soccer League signed his first professional form for the Raith Rovers in his native Scotland 23 years ago and he has been playing top-notch soccer ever since.

A patient fellow, Slaven has finally achieved a secret ambition—to make a clean sweep of the soccer honors. His booter did the trick for him during the 1944-45 season when they captured the league championship, the Lewis Cup and went on to snare the National Challenge Cup tournament, symbolic of soccer's U. S. Open title.



It also probably means his final and definite retirement as a player. Slaven participated in few games last season and then only because he didn't have a full team because of the exigencies of war.

Born in Dundee, Scotland, Slaven learned the game in school football in Scotland and then joined the Foothill Club in the Junior League, playing the center forward spot. At 18 he signed with the Rovers and was immediately farmed out to Forfar for more seasoning. Slaven wasn't there long. He started averaging two goals a game and the Rovers recalled him. During his four years with the Rovers he became the buddy and roommate of

**AT 42 JOHNNY
SLAVEN HAS
BEEN PLAYING
SOCCER FOR 23
YEARS AND TO-
DAY IS A TOP-
NOTCH PLAYER**



Alec James, great Scotch internationalist.

He was transferred to the Hearts of Liddlothian, an Edinburgh club, and was switched to a halfback role in which he excelled. Within three years with the Hearts he advanced to the point where he was placed on the open-to-transfer list with a 1,000 pound note (\$5,000) next to his name.

In 1927, Slaven was induced to come to America to play for the late Charles Stoneham's New York Nationals at the Polo Grounds. Slaven settled down to the center halfback position, key defense post, and has never been excelled in that position in American soccer.

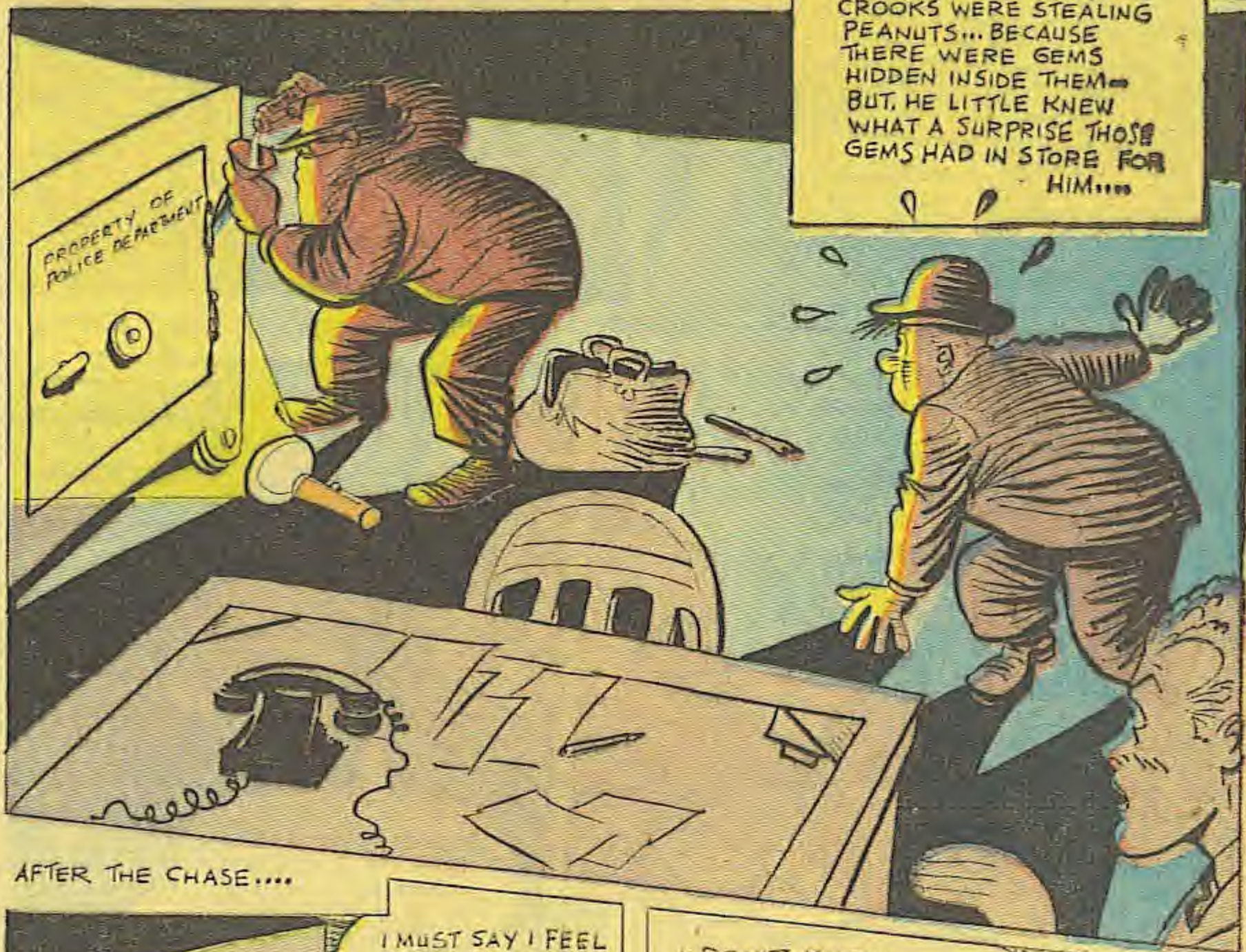
It was during the depression that the Polo Grounds eleven was disbanded and Slaven, together with Bill Low, reorganized the club under its present name. Since its inception, Slaven has been player-manager of the team with Low handling the other details.

Soccer is only a Sunday and holiday vocation for Slaven. During the week he's a manager of the Brookhattan Trucking Company in New York City.

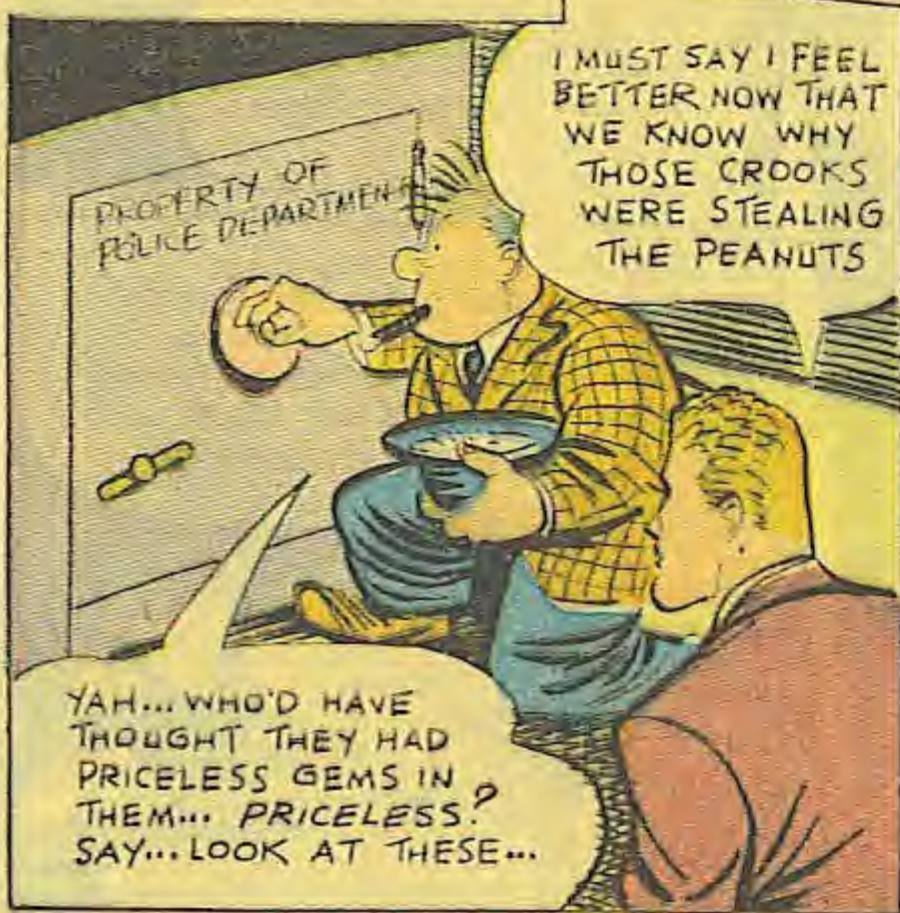


FLATTY FOOTER in "READY!"

FLATTY WAS SURE THE WHOLE MATTER WAS CLEANED UP... AFTER ALL, THEY HAD FOUND WHY THE CROOKS WERE STEALING PEANUTS... BECAUSE THERE WERE GEMS HIDDEN INSIDE THEM... BUT, HE LITTLE KNEW WHAT A SURPRISE THOSE GEMS HAD IN STORE FOR HIM...



AFTER THE CHASE....



I MUST SAY I FEEL BETTER NOW THAT WE KNOW WHY THOSE CROOKS WERE STEALING THE PEANUTS

YAH... WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT THEY HAD PRICELESS GEMS IN THEM... PRICELESS? SAY... LOOK AT THESE...



I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT PRECIOUS STONES, BUT THESE SEEM PRETTY DULL!

HMMM... SO THEY DO. WE BETTER HAVE SOME ONE LOOK AT THEM!

A LITTLE LATER...

PCHA! THESE ARE FIVE AND TEN STORE JUNK! WHAT MADE YOU THINK THEY WERE WORTH ANYTHING?

WORTHLESS... BUT, THEN, WHY WERE THOSE CROOKS SO ANXIOUS TO GET THEM?

HOW DOES ALL THIS MAKE ANY SENSE?

TRUTHFULLY, OLD MAN, IT DOESN'T... I DON'T GET IT... AND FOR THE PEERLESS PETER PRANCE TO ADMIT HIMSELF MYSTIFIED... WELL!

ON THE FIRE ESCAPE, BEADY EYES WATCH....

ALL THAT TROUBLE THEY WENT THRU JUST TO STEAL WORTHLESS GEMS. I GUESS I BETTER PUT THEM IN THE SAFE, ANYHOW!

I FAIL TO SEE WHY... AFTER ALL NO ONE WOULD WANT THEM WHEN YOU CAN BUY A SIMILIAR LOT FOR A DOLLAR IN THE TEN CENT STORE!

BLAST IT, NOW I'LL HAVE TO BLAST IT! WHY'D HE BOTHER TO PUT THEM IN THE SAFE? JUST TO BE ANNOYING, THAT'S WHAT!

PROPERTY OF POLICE DEPARTMENT

PROPERTY OF POLICE DEPARTMENT... AIN'T THAT A LAUGH... HA HA! IT'S MY PROPERTY, THAT'S WHAT!

THERE! THAT'LL TAKE THE DOOR OFF OR I AIN'T NAMED SOUPY SAM! THAT SOUP HAS PLENTY OF MOXIE!



ONE HOUR LATER...

THERE ARE A LOT OF DIFFERENT KINDS OF FAKE GEMS HERE... WONDER IF THAT'S ANY KIND OF A CLUE?

SURE, THAT'S A BIG HELP... THERE'S A RUBY, AN EMERALD, AN AMYTHEST, A DIAMOND, AND WHAT LOOKS LIKE A YELLOW GARNET.. ALL FAKE AND SO WHAT?

THREE HOURS LATER...

HUH... OH, IT'S THE PHONE...

BBBBRRRRRIIIINNNGGG...

I WONDER... NOPE.. THAT CAN'T BE IT...

YEAH, THIS IS FLATTY FOOTE... HUH? WHAT? WHERE? WHEN?

WHAT'S UP?

THEY JUST PICKED UP SOUPY SAM... I FIGURED IT WAS HIM THAT BLEW UP OUR SAFE... I PUT OUT A CALL FOR HIM... BUT WAIT'LL YOU HEAR WHERE HE WAS!

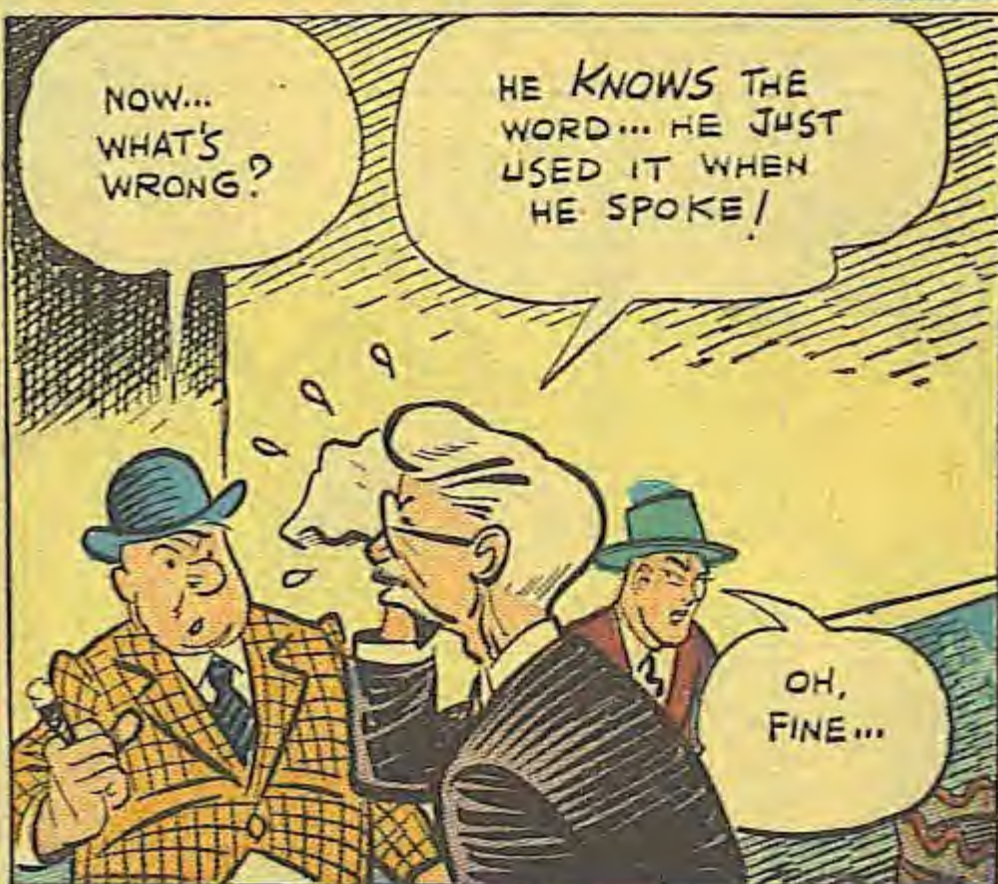
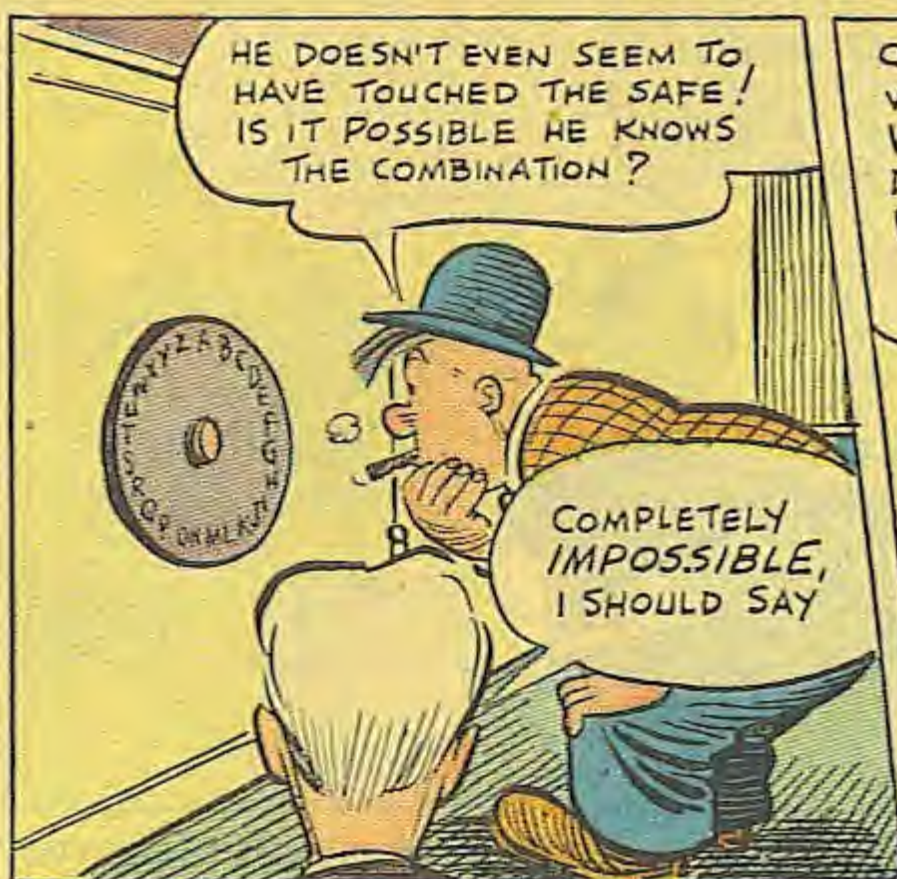
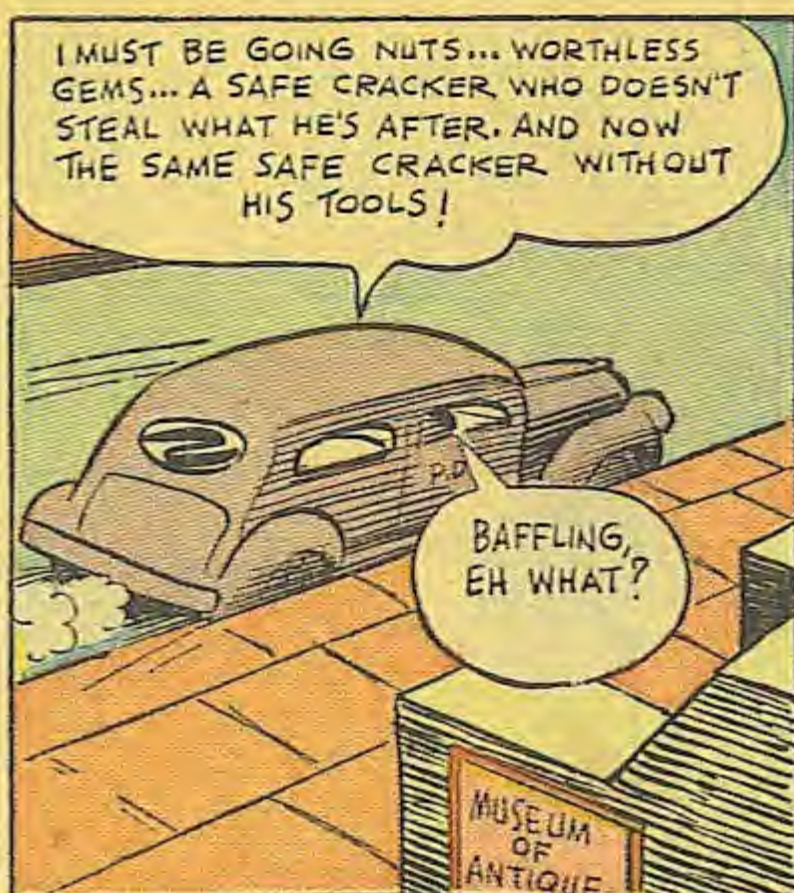
WHERE?

STANDING IN FRONT OF ANOTHER SAFE, THIS TIME IN THE MUSEUM! BUT...

BUT WHAT?

BUT HE DIDN'T HAVE ANY SOUP WITH HIM! NOT AN OUNCE OF T.N.T! HOW'D HE EXPECT TO OPEN THE MUSEUM SAFE?

IT MUST BE PART OF THE SAME PUZZLE!



YOU DOPES... THE GEMS TOLD ME
THE WORD... THERE WERE A RUBY,
AN EMERALD, AN AMYTHEST, A
DIAMOND AND A YELLOW GARNET...
R-E-A-D-Y! THE WORD IS
'READY'!

THAT'S
RIGHT...

IT'S EMPTY... WHEN WE
CAUGHT HIM, HE MUST
HAVE BEEN CLOSING IT,
NOT TRYING TO OPEN
IT, AS I THOUGHT!

THAT'S
RIGHT...

WHAT'S MORE... I DID THE
JOB MYSELF, SO... TRY AND
FIND WHERE I HID IT!

HEY! HE
GOT AWAY!

WE GOTTA
GET HIM...
IF HE GETS
AWAY...

WHAT DO YOU
MEAN 'IF'? I
AM AWAY!

AND HE WAS... HE OUT DISTANCED
OUR HEROES AND LEFT THEM
DISCONSOLATE...

OH, NOTHING MUCH,
JUST THE CROWN JEWELS
OF RURATANIA WHICH WE'VE
BEEN MINDING... THEY'RE
WORTH \$5,000,000...

AND WE
LET HIM
GET AWAY...
OH...

WELL, THE ONLY
CONSOLATION WAS
HE DIDN'T GET WHAT
HE CAME FOR. BY
THE WAY... WHAT WAS
IN THE SAFE?

...BUT HE'LL BE BACK AND WITH
PLENTY OF TROUBLES FOR OUR
GALLANT HEROES...

SEE NEXT MONTH'S
FLATTY FOOTE

A TRAGEDY of BASEBALL

THE DRAMATIC ACCIDENTAL DEATH OF
RAY CHAPMAN STAR CLEVELAND
SHORTSTOP AT THE POLO GROUNDS, N.Y. CITY

THE HOT STOVE LEAGUE

WITH
THORNTON FISHER



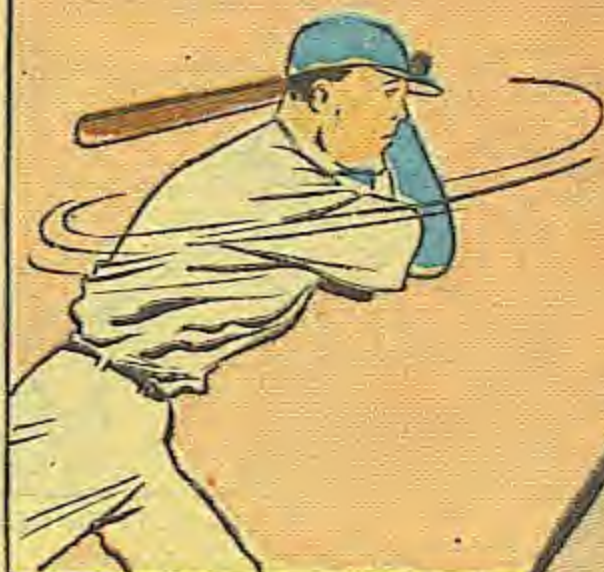
RAY CHAPMAN WAS ONE OF THE GREATEST SHORTSTOPS THE MAJOR LEAGUES EVER PRODUCED—HE PERFORMED STUNTS THAT OTHER PLAYERS IN THAT POSITION NEVER DREAMED OF—



THERE NEVER WAS SUCH A DAPPER, WELL-DRESSED PLAYER IN THE HISTORY OF THE GAME, AND HE WAS AS HANDSOME AS A HOLLYWOOD HERO—



RAY BEGAN HIS BASEBALL CAREER IN 1910 WITH THE DAVENPORT, IOWA, AND SPRINGFIELD, ILL. CLUBS OF THE THREE-EYE LEAGUE—HIS PERMANENT JOB WITH CLEVELAND STARTED IN 1912—



CHAPMAN HEADED THE A.L. WITH 84 BASES ON BALLS IN 1918—IN 1917 HE BROKE ALL MAJOR LEAGUE RECORDS FOR SACRIFICE HITS WITH 67—



HE WAS ONE OF THE SPEEDIEST RUNNERS IN THE NATIONAL SPORT—IN 1917 IN BOSTON HE CIRCLED THE BASES IN 14 SECONDS FOR A RECORD—

WE WERE PRESENT THAT TRAGIC AFTERNOON AT THE POLO GROUNDS, AUGUST 16, 1920, WHEN CARL MAYS, "SUBMARINE" PITCHER OF THE YANKEES, TOSSED A FAST ONE TO CHAPMAN WHO WAS AT BAT—RAY ALWAYS CROWDED THE PLATE—THE BALL STRUCK CHAPMAN IN THE HEAD AND HE FELL AS THOUGH POLE-AXED—IT WAS PURE ACCIDENT—RAY DIED SHORTLY AFTER, IN A HOSPITAL, THE ONLY BASEBALL PLAYER TO BE KILLED IN A MAJOR LEAGUE GAME—



IN 1917 HE BATTED .302; IN 1919, .300 AND WAS HITTING .303 IN 1920, THE YEAR OF HIS DEATH—RAY HAD DECIDED TO QUIT THE GAME BUT WITH THE CLEVELAND CLUB, UNDER TRIS SPEAKER, RACING FOR THE PENNANT, HE AGREED TO STAY—



NOTE: CARL MAYS WAS BLAMELESS—

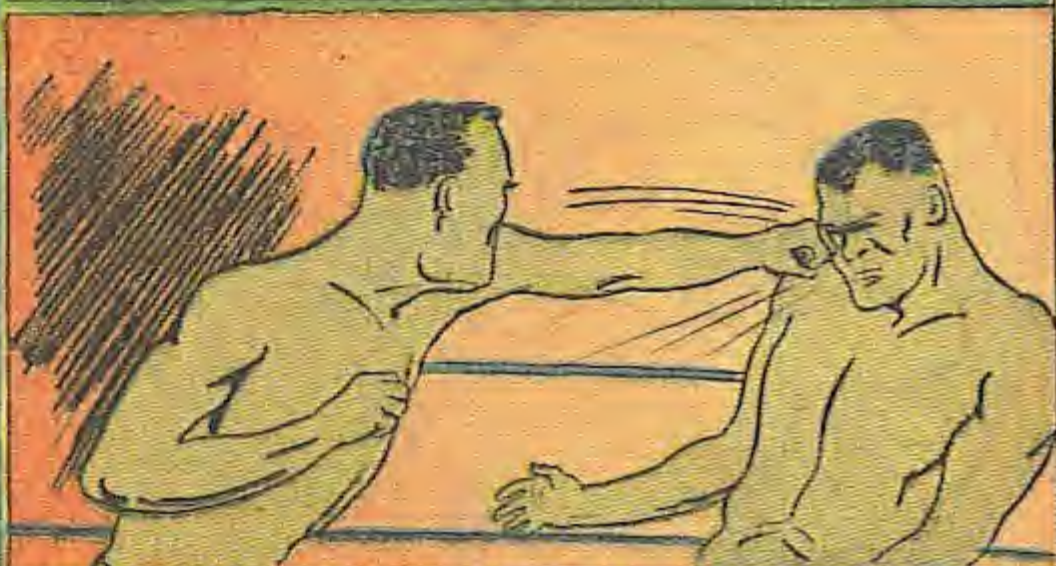
THE HOT STOVE LEAGUE WITH THORNTON FISHER

THE FIRST "JOE LOUIS" IN PUGILISTIC HISTORY-

PETER JACKSON



PETER JACKSON, THE GREAT COLORED FIGHTER, WAS BORN IN PORTO RICO, WEST INDIES, JULY 3, 1861— HE STOOD 6 FT. $\frac{1}{2}$ IN. AND WEIGHED ABOUT 190 LBS. —



JACKSON WAS A GENTLE, MODEST FELLOW—BUT HE COULD FIGHT LIKE A TIGER—HE FOUGHT IN AUSTRALIA AND ENGLAND, WINNING CONSISTENTLY AGAINST ALL OPPONENTS—HE STARTED HIS PUGILISTIC CAREER IN 1882 IN AUSTRALIA AND MANY THOUGHT HE WAS BORN THERE—HE CAME TO AMERICA IN 1888 AND ON AUG. 24, OF THAT YEAR WON A FIGHT AGAINST ANOTHER GREAT COLORED BOXER, GEORGE GODFREY IN 19 ROUNDS— (SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.)

I CAN LICK ANY SO-AND-SO IN THE WORLD BUT I WON'T FIGHT JACKSON—

MAY WE PRINT THAT, MR. SULLIVAN?



JOHN L. SULLIVAN, THE AMERICAN HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION AT THE TIME, REFUSED FLATLY TO FIGHT JACKSON—THIS REFUSAL INJURED SULLIVAN PROFESSIONALLY—FIGHT FANS THOUGHT HE WAS AFRAID OF JACKSON—



HOWEVER, JAMES J. CORBETT (WHO THE FOLLOWING YEAR, WAS TO WIN THE TITLE FROM SULLIVAN) MET JACKSON IN SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 21, 1891, AND FOUGHT A VICIOUS DRAW WITH HIM, THE CONTEST GOING 61 ROUNDS—EACH RECEIVED \$2,500—NO MONEY IN THE RING THESE DAYS—



ON MARCH 22, 1898, IN SAN FRANCISCO, THE GREAT COLORED FIGHTER FOUGHT JIM JEFFRIES (WHO LATER BECAME A WORLD CHAMPION) JEFF KNOCKED JACKSON OUT IN THE 3RD ROUND—

JACKSON, AFTER RETIREMENT WAS ELECTED TO PUBLIC OFFICE IN AUSTRALIA WHERE HE LIVED THE REST OF HIS LIFE, HIGHLY RESPECTED BY EVERYONE

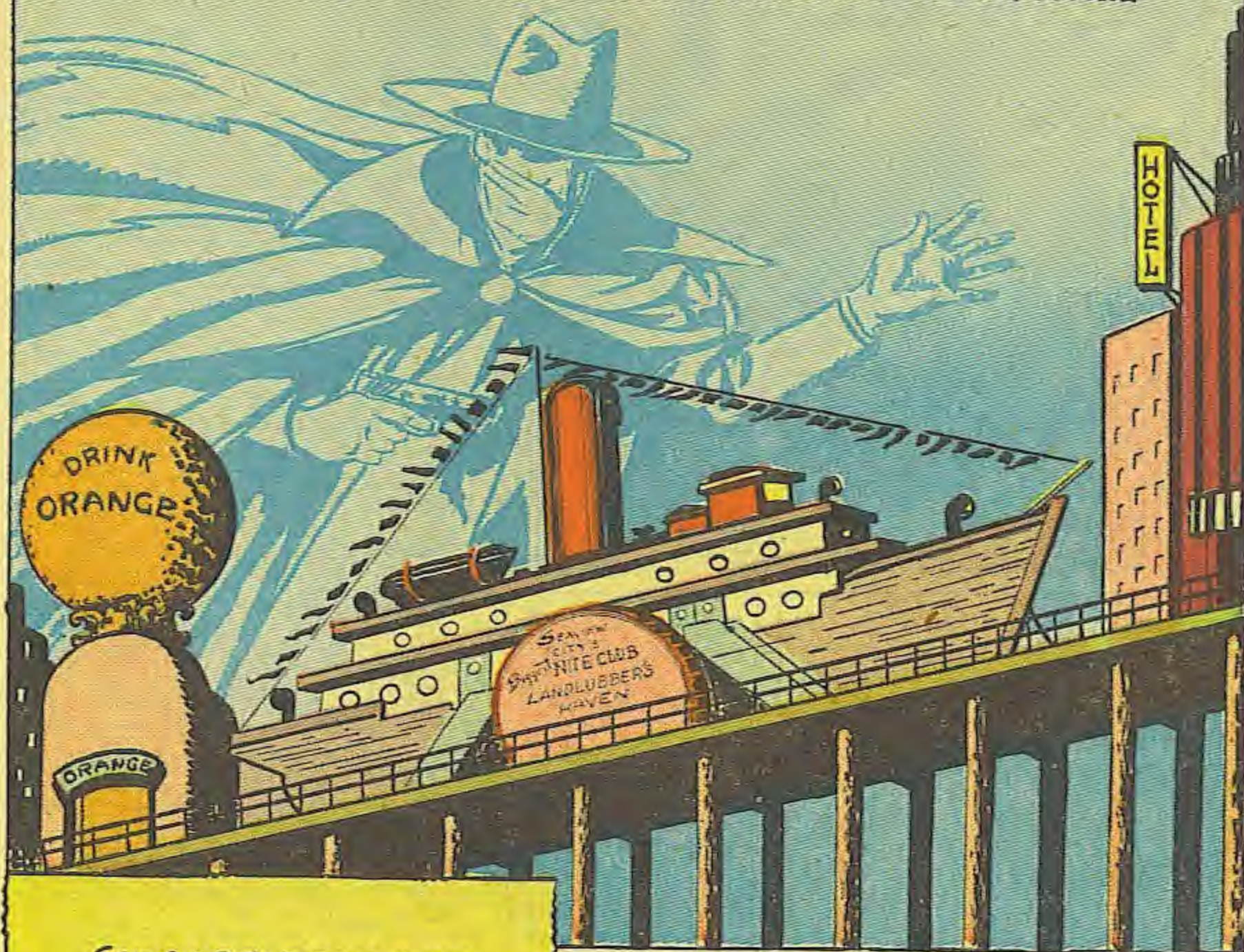


PETER JACKSON DIED AT ROMA, QUEENSLAND, IN 1901 AT THE AGE OF 40—A LARGE MONUMENT WAS ERECTED IN MEMORY OF THIS FINE FIGHTER, PETER JACKSON—

The Shadow

Meets LANDLUBBER'S HAVEN

THE SHIP THAT STAYS ON SHORE



SEAVIEW CITY... POPULAR SHORE RESORT... HAS BECOME A HEAD-QUARTERS FOR PERNICIOUS SMUGGLERS. ALL THEIR OPERATIONS TAKE PLACE BEYOND THE THREE MILE LIMIT, PUTTING THEM OUT OF RANGE OF THE LOCAL AUTHORITIES.

TO APPREHEND THIS BAND OF SMUGGLERS, IT IS NECESSARY TO LOCATE THEIR OFF-SHORE RENDEZVOUS AS THEY ARE QUITE SAFE WHILE ON LAND.

HOW CAN THEY BE LURED TO THEIR OWN UNDOING?

ONLY THE SHADOW KNOWS!

SO THIS IS SEAVIEW CITY AND WE'RE HERE TO TRAP SOME SMUGGLERS! BUT HOW ARE WE GOING TO FIND THEM IN THE FIRST PLACE?

THAT'S THE EASIEST PART, MARGO. THEY DON'T MIND BEING WATCHED WHEN THEY'RE ON SHORE. I'LL SHOW YOU THEIR HANG-OUT IN A FEW MINUTES





SO THIS IS WHERE THE SMUGGLERS HANG OUT WHEN THEY'RE ON SHORE!

THAT'S RIGHT, MARGO. STEP RIGHT ON BOARD AND WE'LL LOOK THEM OVER



BUT HOW WILL WE KNOW WHICH CUSTOMERS ARE SMUGGLERS?

THAT'S EASY, MARGO. YOU TELL THEM BY THE SIZE OF THEIR BANK-ROLLS



HURRY UP THAT ORDER, WAITER!

WHY, THOSE MUST BE SOME OF THE SMUGGLERS!

YOU GUESSED IT, MARGO, BUT DON'T WATCH THEM TOO CLOSELY. OR THEY'LL KNOW YOU'RE WATCHING THEM

HERE'S A LITTLE EXTRA TIP WAITING FOR YOU!



WHY... VALDA RUNE IS IN THIS SHOW! HOW DOES SHE HAPPEN TO BE HERE. OR WOULDN'T YOU KNOW, LAMONT?

I WOULD KNOW FOR I ARRANGED FOR HER TO WORK THIS SHOW. SHE'S CHECKING ON THE SMUGGLERS FOR ME, AND THAT'S WHY WE HAPPEN TO BE HERE!



S.S. LAND

I'LL BE BACK IN AWHILE, MARGO. IF YOU GET INTO ANY TROUBLE, CALL VALDA AND SHE'LL HELP YOU OUT..

I'LL BET SHE WILL..





BUT THE QUESTION IS... OUT WHERE?



HELLO, MARGO. WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE ALL ALONE?

ALL ALONE? WHY, WHY... I AM ALONE!



I GUESS LAMONT JUST WENT OUT TO LOOK AROUND. BUT AREN'T THOSE SMUGGLERS NOTICING US?

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THEM. I OFTEN CHAT WITH CUSTOMERS LIKE YOU. WHEN YOU GET A CHANCE SLIP UP TO MY DRESSING ROOM. I HAVE SOMETHING TO TELL YOU

SHE'S HUSKY, THAT SEA-GOING TUG! THEY SAY THE 'HERCULES' COULD HAUL A BATTLESHIP!

A TUG WOULD HAVE TO BE STRONG TO PULL THAT BARGE. IT'S LOADED WITH CONCRETE THAT'S GOING OUT TO THE NEW SEA-WALL!

THAT GIVES ME AN EXCELLENT IDEA FOR FUTURE REFERENCE



THIS PIER WILL BE A GOOD PLACE TO GET A GENERAL VIEW OF SEAVIEW CITY

EXCURSION PIER



... AND JUST THEN

SORRY, FOLKS! A SPECIAL FLOOR SHOW IS GOING TO START, SO WE WOULDN'T LET YOU INTERRUPT IT. YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT!

WE'RE JUST
GOING OUT
FOR A
WALK...

VALDA, THEY'RE
HOLDING ALL
THE CUSTOMERS..

I KNOW IT! COME
TO THE OBSERVATION
WINDOW AND I'LL
SHOW YOU WHY!

BUT I'VE GOT
TO SLIP WORD
TO LAMONT..

THEN SLIP INTO
THIS AND MAYBE
YOU CAN SLIP
OUT BEFORE
THE FLOOR SHOW!

LIGHTS FROM
SMUGGLING SHIPS,
SAYING THAT THE
COAST GUARDS
ARE AROUND.
THEY'LL SIGNAL
WHEN ALL IS
CLEAR!

AND THE MEN
DOWN STAIRS WILL
GO OUT TO MEET
THEM. THEY'RE HOLDING
CUSTOMERS HERE,
SO THE WORD WON'T
LEAK OUT!

I SEE. IF THEY THINK
I BELONG HERE,
THEY WON'T STOP
ME..

TOO LATE, NOW!
HEAR THAT?

SHOW GOES ON IN
FIVE MINUTES!
EVERYBODY
HP STAIRS FOR
CALL!





I HAVE AN IDEA.
DO YOU HAVE A
FLASHLIGHT, VALDA?

YES,
HERE



LAMONT AND I HAVE A
SPECIAL CODE. I'M
TELLING HIM THAT THE
LOCAL GANG IS HOLDING
OFF THEIR TRIP ON
ACCOUNT OF THE COAST
GUARDS! I ONLY HOPE
HE SEES THIS!

BLINK
BLINK
BLINK
BLINK
BLINK



SO THAT'S THE
STORY! NOW TO
GET BUSY...

AS THE FLOOR SHOW BEGINS IN
LANDLUBBER'S HAVEN..



WHAT'S
HAPPENING?

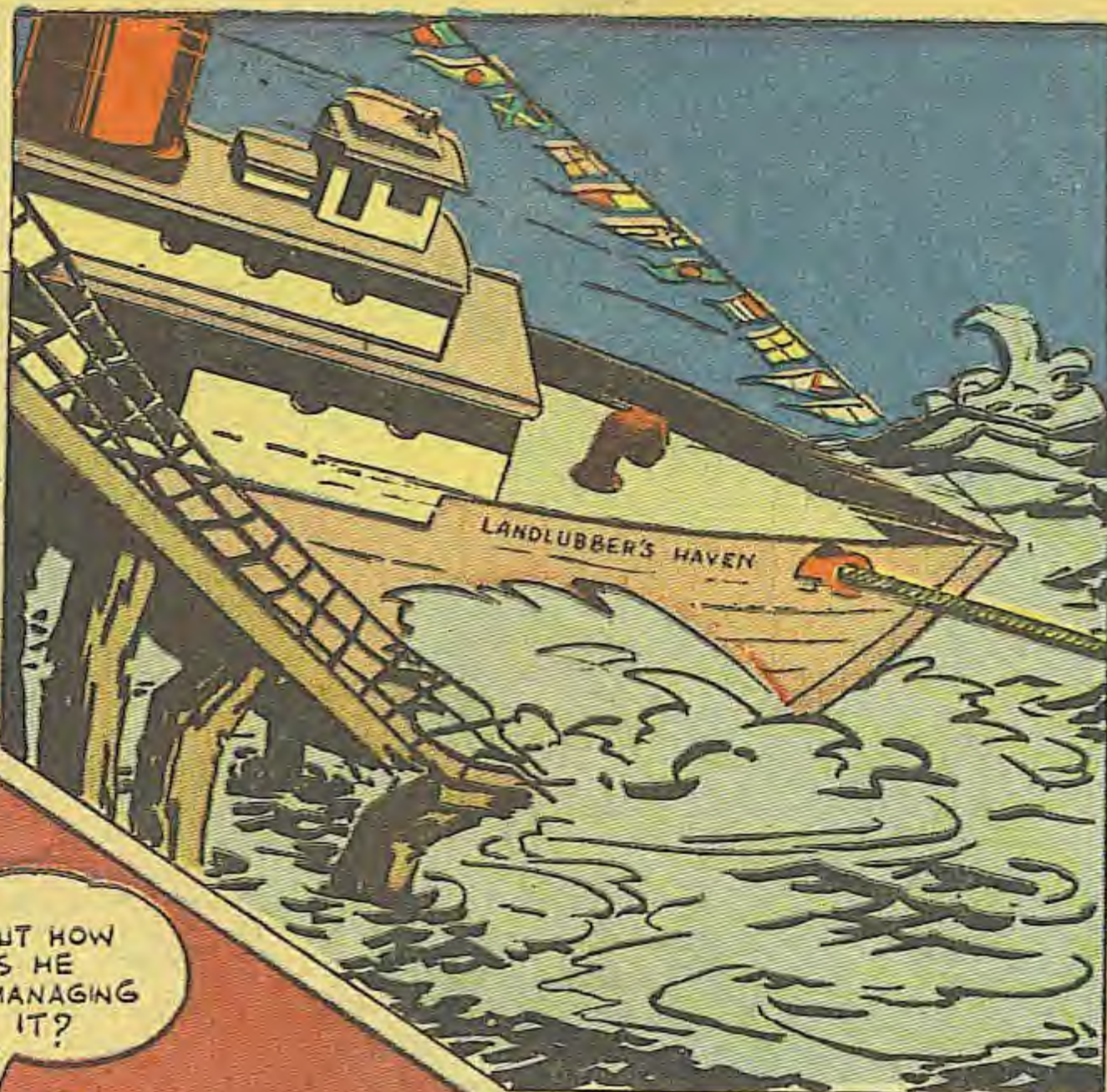
I DON'T
KNOW!

IT MUST
BE AN
EARTHQUAKE
!



... AND TEST THE
POWER OF THAT
SEA-GOING TUG!

AND WITH THAT,
LANDLUBBER'S
HAVEN, THE
SHIP THAT
STAYS ASHORE,
LAUNCHES
ITSELF AND
PUTS OUT
TO SEA!



IT'S THE
SHADOW'S
IDEA! HE'S
TAKING THE
SMUGGLERS
TO MEET
THEIR PALS!

BUT HOW
IS HE
MANAGING
IT?

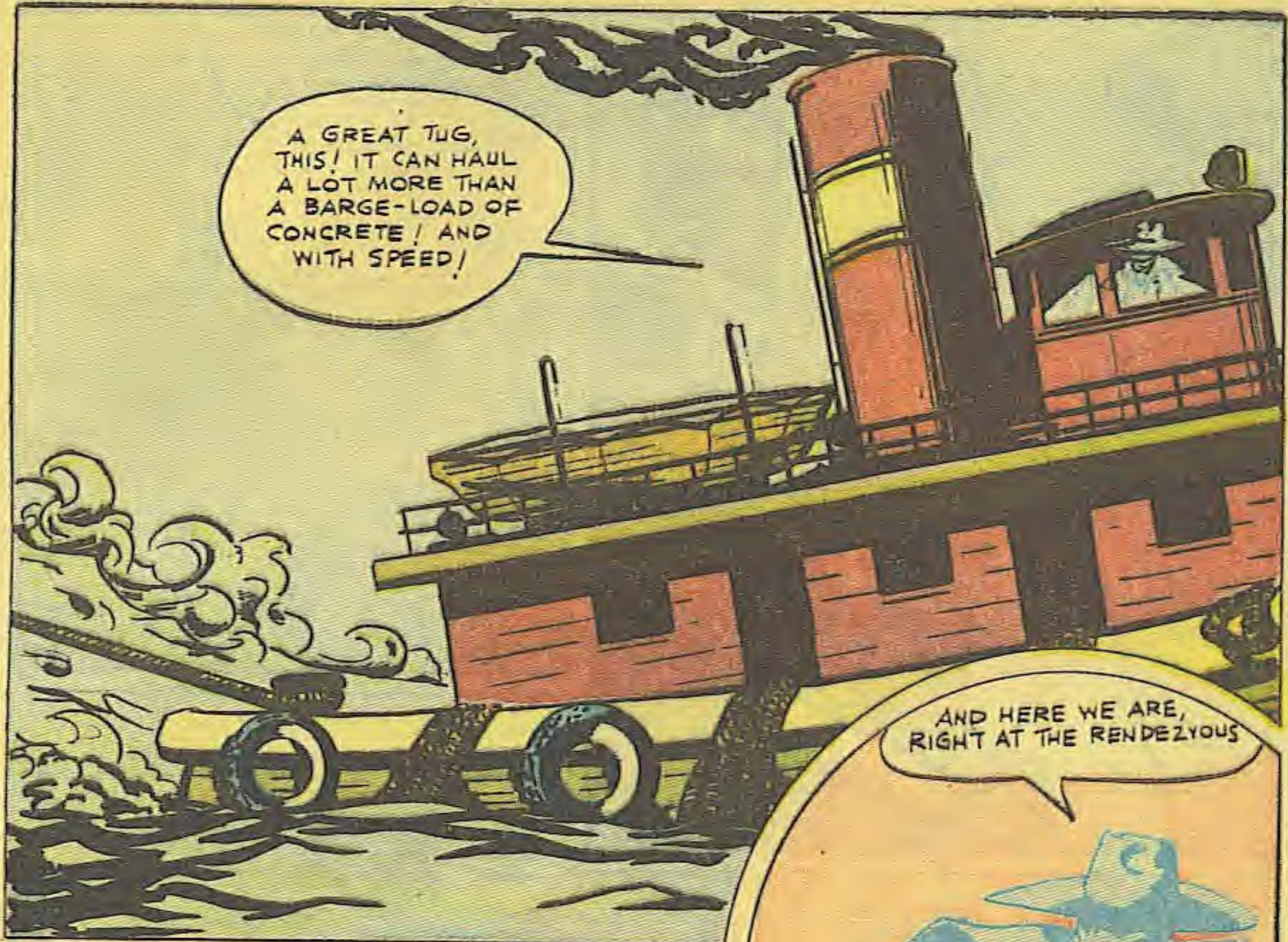
THERE'S
THE BOATS
WE WERE
TO MEET...

AND THE
COAST GUARDS
ALONGSIDE
THEM!

TOO
LATE..WE'RE
A COUPLE
OF MILES
OFF SHORE!

WE'D
BETTER
JUMP
FOR IT!





A GREAT TUG,
THIS! IT CAN HAUL
A LOT MORE THAN
A BARGE-LOAD OF
CONCRETE! AND
WITH SPEED!

AND HERE WE ARE,
RIGHT AT THE RENDEZVOUS



HERE COMES
THE TUG!

LET'S
JUMP
TO
IT!

WE WERE
HOPING
YOU'D KEEP
YOUR
RENDEZVOUS

UP
WITH
THEM!

WE
AREN'T
SMUGGLERS
... WE'RE
ONLY
CUSTOMERS

THAT SO?
WE'LL SORT
YOU FROM
THE CUSTOMERS
QUICK ENOUGH
!



THE NEXT MORNING...



THIS TIME WE BAGGED THE LOT OF THEM!

AND WITH THE GOODS TO PROVE IT!

BUT WHAT WILL BECOME OF LANDLUBBER'S HAVEN?

THEY'RE TOWING IT UP THE COAST TO TURN IT INTO A SEAMAN'S HOME!



EXCURSION PIER

READ ALL ABOUT IT... **SHADOW ROUNDS UP SMUGGLERS!**


WONDERFUL!

EDDIE ARCARO
America's Top Jockey
SPENCE BROTHERS
World's Champion Swimmers
REUBEN SHANK
Coming Middleweight Champion

3 of 20 FASCINATING FEATURES

in
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The Biggest Sport Magazine
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Why did the most glamorous woman
in the world put a toy submarine
out in the Pacific waters? It's The
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a ruthless adversary in **THE**
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AUGUST 1946

15c



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